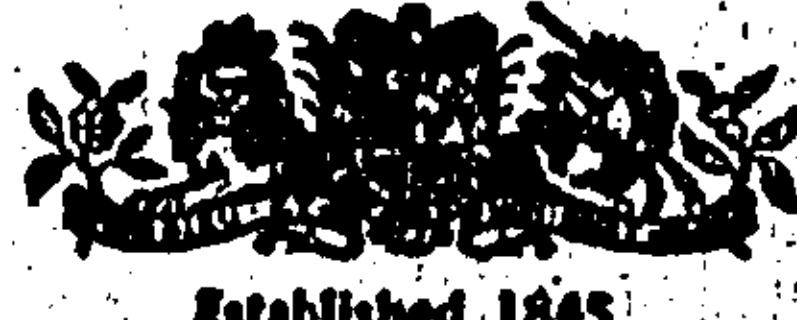


CHINA MAIL



No. 37293

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1959.

Price 30 Cents

Comment
Of The
Day

ONE OMISSION

GOVERNMENT has released the programme for the Duke's visit. Presumably it will be issued to all who will be involved closely in any function the royal visitor is attending. As a document explaining in meticulous detail how 60 hours of the Duke's life will be spent, it is an admirable catalogue of the split-second timing and almost step by step movement which he is expected to observe. It is deplorable—but essential. It is regimentation at its best, but the alternative is chaos and confusion, and of the two we prefer the former.

But one chapter is missing—an omission which it is not too late for Government to correct. What is needed is a short introduction telling the people that the real success of the visit depends on them. For having set out his itinerary with clockwork precision right down to such details as: At the Garden Party "it is hoped to present 100 people... in groups of twenty. His Royal Highness will have five to ten minutes conversation with each group," it neglects to add that it hopes everyone will act as naturally and as normally as possible.

WANTED MEN TOLD TO GET OUT OF CYPRUS FOR TIME BEING Amnesty For Eoka Thugs Grivas Granted Safe Conduct To Athens

Nicosia, Feb. 27.
An amnesty for Eoka terrorists including a safe conduct to Athens for Eoka leader Grivas was officially announced here tonight.

The cases of Eoka men convicted of offences involving violence against the person—about 70 in all—will be reviewed.

Undertake
Lesser offenders will be released progressively over the next few weeks.

Wanted men will not be brought to trial if they consent to leave Cyprus for Greece or Turkey forthwith, and undertake not to return to Cyprus without Cyprus Government permission.

They will be released on condition that they leave Cyprus for Greece or Turkey immediately on release and that Greece and Turkey are willing to receive them.

A further condition stipulated is that they do not return to Cyprus before the date on which their sentence would have expired.

Makarios Plea
The announcement on Grivas said: "Special arrangements will be made for the safe conduct of Colonel Grivas and anyone whom he may wish to take with him to Greece."

Meanwhile, a message from Archbishop Makarios in London warned his followers not to let the spirit of the London agreement with new outbursts and pleaded for "unity, faith and hard work" to ensure the island's future.

His plea came less than 48 hours before his return to Cyprus after almost three years of exile.

The appeal was apparently issued in response to a request by Foot who was worried that the archbishop's return might touch off a new wave of troubles in this Eastern Mediterranean island.

All British servicemen in Cyprus will be confined to camp from 9 p.m. tomorrow till further notice, it was officially announced tonight.

These restrictions are understood to mark the arrival of Archbishop Makarios. — Reuter and U.P.I.

Race Riot In London Market

London, Feb. 27.
Five hundred white and negro Londoners battled each other for 40 minutes in Brixton market today before eight wagon loads of policemen stopped the struggle.

The police questioned a number of people but made no arrests.

Eight persons received cuts but refused hospital treatment.

Over-Ripe

Trouble began when a West Indian woman squeezed a tomato to see if it was over-ripe. The white woman stall owner asked her to stop handling the food.

Both women swapped blows to the face.

The West Indian ran to summon her husband and other West Indians.

The battle then spread to the heart of the market.

Robert Dimmock, a market inspector who watched the fray, said: "It was chaos." — U.P.I.

HE HOAXED BRITISH RAILWAYS

London, Feb. 27.
A mysterious phone call from a self-styled professor hoaxed British Railway's staff at London's Victoria station last night.

"I am Professor Peter Brock," the phone voice said. "A tin of radioactive material has been deposited in error in the left-luggage office opposite from number four."

The office was sealed off and police were called in to cordon off the area.

A nuclear expert from Harwell raced up to town to comb the office with a super-sensitive Geiger counter.

But "nothing unusual" was found after the expert had made a double check, a Railway spokesman said. — China Mail Special.

South Vietnam Accused Of Kidnapping

Tokyo, Feb. 28.
China accused South Vietnam of encroaching in Chinese waters and kidnapping 83 Chinese fishermen and five fishing vessels on February 22.

The charge was made in an official statement issued yesterday by the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs today and broadcast by the New China News Agency.

It demanded South Vietnam to immediately release all the Chinese fishermen kidnapped, return all the fishing vessels and compensate for the loss of these fishermen and guarantee that there would be no recurrence of similar "unlawful" incidents in the future. — U.P.I.

Reply Awaited

Moscow, Feb. 27.
A Soviet Red Cross official said today that they were still awaiting a reply from Japan to their offer to help Koreans in Japan who wish to be repatriated to North Korea. — Reuter.

Beck Gets 5 Years

Tacoma, Feb. 27.
Former teamster President Dave Beck was sentenced today to serve five years in prison and to pay \$60,000 in fines for income tax evasion. — U.P.I.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"
RACE 1

Standfast
Prominent View
Mayflower
Outsider: Wet Paint

RACE 2

Orange Beauty
Crackerjack
Affab
Outsider: Miracle

RACE 3

Cadet
Triumphant
Tinkerbell
Outsider: Redown

RACE 4

Marianne
May Blossom
Ever-glo
Outsider: Beat That

RACE 5

Fascination
Lime-light
Besoot
Outsider: Cactus

RACE 6

Winsome Stag
Red Light
Vingt Et Un
Outsider: Shiraz

RACE 7

Tabitha T
Distant Sky
Maukman
Outsider: Dutch Courage

RACE 8

Resurrection
Grace
Oscar Prize
Outsider: G-Man

RACE 9

Rotary Wheel
Chatterbox
Bluegrass
Outsider: Confuser

RACE 10

Carrie
Roman Hero
Jako
Outsider: Norse King

RACE 11

Brilliance
Ambition
Mascot
Outsider: Belinda

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS

Race 9—Rotary Wheel; Race 11—Brilliance

Anti-Subversion Drive

Kuala Lumpur, Feb. 27.
Malayan security police made two more arrests today as the nationwide anti-subversion drive entered the third day.

The total held so far is 126. Students, politicians and labour-

By "The Turf"
RACE 1

Wet Paint
Prominent View
Standfast
Outsider: Sulla

RACE 2

Orange Beauty
Affab
Cisco Kid
Outsider: Hawaiian Moon

RACE 3

Tinkerbell
Cadet
Renown
Outsider: Triumphant

RACE 4

Ever-glo
Beat That
Alben
Outsider: Mighty Courage

RACE 5

Cactus
Fascination
Lime-light
Outsider: Thanksgiving

RACE 6

Red Light
Winsome Stag
Shiraz
Outsider: Vingt Et Un

RACE 7

Tabitha T
Tonyber
Not So Bad
Outsider: High Noon

RACE 8

Resurrection
Grace
G-Man
Outsider: Pathfinder

RACE 9

Rotary Wheel
Chatterbox
Wing Hang
Outsider: Bluegrass

RACE 10

Balkan Monarch
Roman Hero
Carrie
Outsider: Jake

RACE 11

Brilliance
Mascot
Norse Girl
Outsider: Giant Knight

Communist Bloc May Sign Peace Treaty With East Germany

Moscow, Feb. 27.
The Soviet Union and other Socialist camp countries will be compelled to sign a peace treaty with East Germany if the Western Powers refuse to conclude a peace treaty with Germany, Soviet Vice-Premier, Anastas Mikoyan, said at an election meeting at Rostov on the Don today, the Tass news agency reported.

Mikoyan said the efforts of the Western powers to replace a summit conference by a foreign ministers conference were aimed "at dragging out negotiations."

Discussing talks with British Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, Mikoyan said "Macmillan received with silence the proposal from Premier Nikita Khrushchev to conclude a Soviet-British non-aggression treaty, which the British Premier had earlier favoured."

Rigid Policy

He said that Macmillan had "adopted a rigid policy" when the question of a peace treaty with Germany was raised.

On the talks with Macmillan, now on an official visit to the Soviet Union, Mikoyan said: "First they gave rise to a positive exchange of views and clarification of the positions of both countries."

He added: "But afterwards, when the talks covered a peace treaty with Germany, the British Prime Minister, no doubt weighed down by the weight of his alliances, adopted a rigid policy."

Mikoyan rejected an "East-West conference at foreign ministers' level, declaring that this would only drag out negotiations, and urged a summit conference."

Reunification

He declared that the reunification of Germany could not be brought about by a decision of the Allied powers. "This concerns the Germans and the Germans alone," he said.

It is reported from Washington that the United States Government has received a British report on the current visit of Harold Macmillan to the Soviet Union.

The report was sent through the normal diplomatic channel, a State Department spokesman said. — France-Press.

ORVAL FAUBUS

First Dictator In U.S.?

Little Rock, Feb. 27.
If a proposal put forward today for the reform of the constitution of Arkansas became law, the State Governor, Orval Faubus, might become the first dictator in the United States.

The proposal, presented by Representative Gayle Windsor, aims at abolishing the State's House of Representatives, the State's Supreme and other courts and transferring their powers to the Governor.

Governed

The State would then be governed by Governor's decrees and he would hold all legislative and executive powers.

It is understood that Windsor, who is often in opposition to Faubus, put forward his proposals in an effort to demonstrate to what extent bills put forward by his colleagues are anti-democratic.

The bill will have to be debated by the Arkansas Parliament and, if approved, must be put to a State referendum when general elections take place in November next year. — France-Press.

Frogmen To Look For Lost City

Mexico City, Feb. 27.
A party of Mexican frogmen will leave next week in search of Dzibilchaltun, one of the lost Mayan cities, said to be located at the bottom of the Boca Paila lagoon in the little-explored state of Quintana Roo in the Yucatan Peninsula.

According to a Mayan legend and oral tradition, Dzibilchaltun was a large and rich city that disappeared under the waters at the time of the sudden forming of the immense Boca Paila lagoon. One of the expedition members claimed to have seen the city at the bottom of the lagoon while flying over the lagoon at a low altitude. — France-Press.

U.S. Will Try Again For Moon Today

Washington, Feb. 27.
THE United States is expected to open another lunar probe tomorrow night in a new attempt to solve some of the mysteries of outer space.

Four earlier lunar probes have failed to achieve the ultimate goal of sending a small cone-shaped satellite to the

vicinity of the moon and to become eventually an artificial planet orbiting the sun.

The fifth attempt, planned by the Army from the Cape Canaveral Missile Test Centre in Florida, has assumed an additional note of urgency in view of the Soviet Union's success last January in sending a cosmic rocket into orbit around the sun.

As its launching vehicle, the Army will again use its 76-ft

Junio III rocket, consisting of a Jupiter missile for the first stage and clusters of solid-propellant Sergeant rockets for the upper three stages.

The lunar probe will be named Pioneer IV. If the launching is successful, the first lunar probe in the Pioneer series was launched by the Air Force last August, but the rocket blew up after 77 seconds of flight.

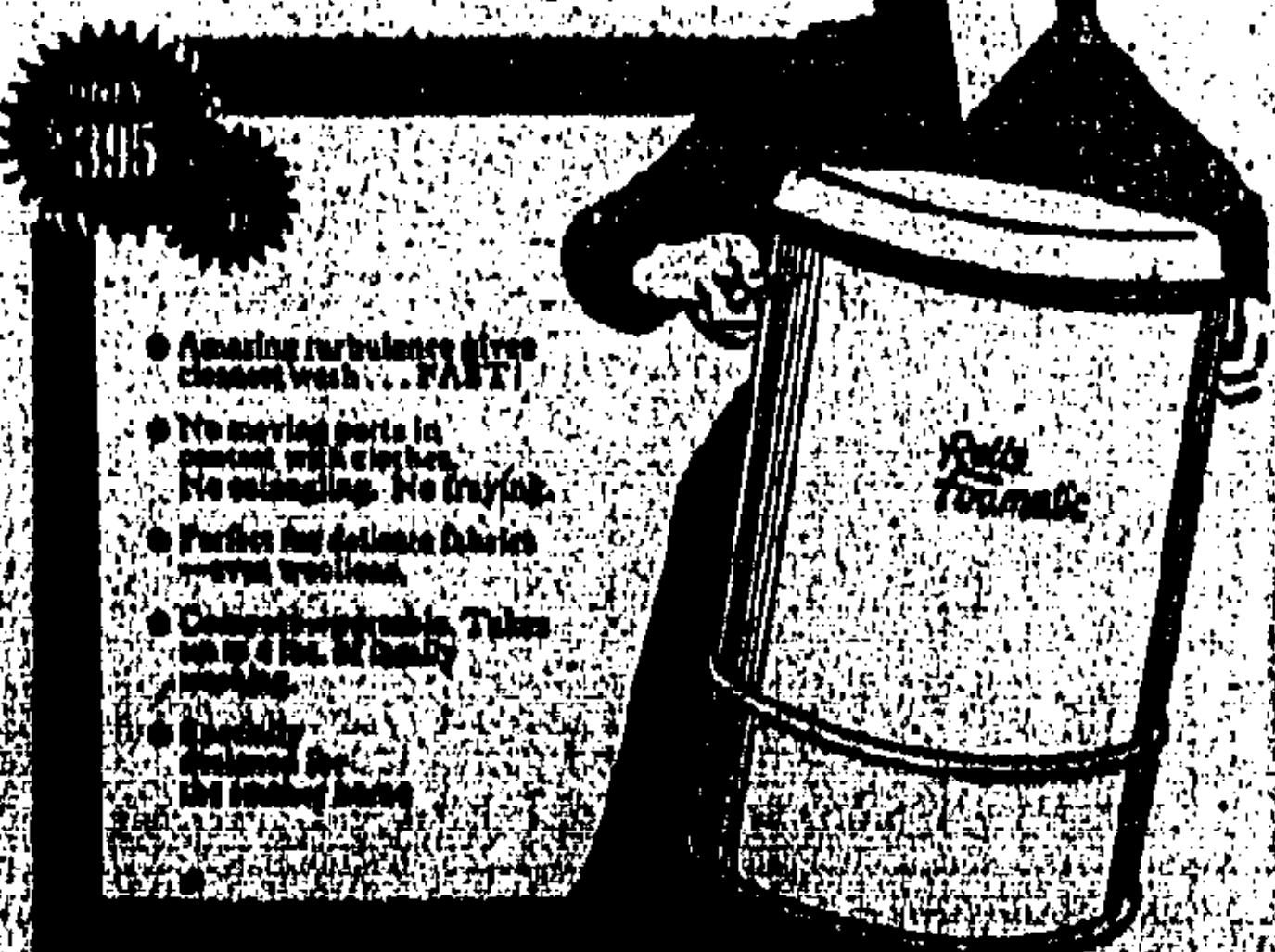
The second attempt failed in

October when the rocket was launched at too steep an angle. It failed to gain the speed of 24,900 miles an hour necessary for it to overcome the earth's gravitational pull. But it reached a height of 71,300 miles, farther than any man-made rocket had gone at that time, before disintegrating on its re-entry into the Earth's atmosphere.

The third attempt failed in November and the fourth in December. — Reuter.

*Say goodbye to washday drudgery!
Rolls Foamatic

THE LOWEST PRICED
ELECTRIC WASHING
MACHINE!



THRICE a week to

Tokyo

THREE flights a week from Hong Kong to Europe, India and Tokyo.

A triple treat for businessmen and tourists. Revel in the luxury of our Super-G Constellations — RADAR equipped for maximum comfort — every First Class seat a Wooling Slumberette. Low-priced tourist seats in addition.

AIR-INDIA



It's the GIN that counts!

BOORD'S

GIN

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

Was He a Nazi Spy or an American Soldier?



KING'S Week-end Morning Show
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.

"20TH CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TODAY At 12.30 p.m. Dean MARTIN • Eva BARTOK in
"TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS" in CinemaScope • Color

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Presents
"ALL NEW VARIETY CARTOONS" in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR METROPOLE

3rd TRIUMPHANT WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 15th DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



AT USUAL PRICES!

STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"THE VIKINGS" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
METROPOLE: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
John WAYNE in "OPERATION PACIFIC"

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m.



BOOK EARLY!

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra
Performance of "THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN" At 12 Noon
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
AT REDUCED PRICES

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THIS is another good weekend at the Cinema. The Star and Metropole are carrying on with "The Vikings" while the Lee and Astor are screening "The Perfect Furlough" for a second weekend.

Both are very good films in their way. "The Vikings" with its bold colourful action is a crowd puller. "The Perfect Furlough" with its subtle humour appealing to quite a different type of audience.

"The Roots of Heaven," which opens at the Roxy and Broadway today is a different kind of film again. It has action, plenty of it. It has colour and superb photography; for instance, the stampede of the elephant herd taken through telescopic lens is something wonderful. But where the film differs is, it can hold an audience on story and action alone, while beneath the surface of the film is a wonderful message.

"The Roots of Heaven" has humour like, and splendid performances from Errol Flynn, Trevor Howard, and Juliette Greco.

Film producers are turning more and more to the Western Front of World War II for stories. "The Last Blitzkrieg" is one. Quite good of its type, based upon actual situations during the War, and spiced only by a touch of whimsy at the end.

The Hoover and Paramount go all "Gay" with "Tabarin" a Music-Hall setting to put the top Paris Revue numbers into a film. Made in Eastmancolor, this romantic sophisticated fairy tale is told with subtlety, but the film so good that anyone who likes a good revue can enjoy it. Further to that, the plot is very good.

Films to note in your diary are, "The Old Man and the Sea," Hemingway's masterpiece, reduced as a film, and if you enjoy a good laugh together with a superbly photographed production, "Bell, Book, and Candle."

Also on the way are some strong films. "Cut On a Hot Tin Roof," with Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman, leads the field in this kind of film.

The factual films to come are "I Want to Live," which opens from a great performance given by Susan Hayward, campaigns against capital punishment, and "Compulsion," which recalls the

dreadful Chicago murder of 1924, when two rich University students murdered for the thrill of the thing.

I have tried to particularise the following reviews so that you can pick a film according to your taste. At any rate, we have variety, so you should find something you like.

★ ★ ★
NOW I do not want you to be too influenced by what I have to say about "The Roots of Heaven," opening at the Roxy and Broadway today, but if I like me, you enjoy a well made film on a novel theme, the chances are you will enjoy it very much.

The film also has its subject a sort of crusade against cruelty and avariciousness; and it has many scenes of animal pictures taken in Africa. I want to inform you that "The Roots of Heaven" deals with the obsession of an Englishman, Trevor Howard, who leads a one-man crusade against the slaughtering of wild elephant herds.

It is a mighty good film, and incidentally there are some fine animal scenes, but the major part of the film deals with the obsession I have mentioned. Also a right good performance comes from Errol Flynn, as a drunken Englishman who is attracted to the hero's cause.

If you don't enjoy watching elephants, then there is Miss Greco in the film as a stunning exotic barmaid.

Excellent though the film is, and it can certainly be enjoyed

for its own sake as a spectacle and a fine story, with immense touches of humour. I think you would be a very superficial thinker if you did not see that the film sponsors a cause.

In the pivotal role, Trevor Howard is obviously intended to be the idealist in any cause who comes to realise that there is a time to take positive and even militant action.

The film also carries a peace message, and the point is strongly stressed. Either man must stop killing, or he must face inevitable destruction himself.

Photographed in CinemaScope and De Luxe colour, the film is brilliant and interesting always. Take the points I have mentioned, and decide whether it is your kind of film, and if you reckon it is, you will find it very good indeed.

★ ★ ★
"TABARIN," now showing at the Hoover and Paramount, is a wonderful, colourful, sophisticated fairy tale of the Music-Hall World.

It sets out to tell the story of a man completely lost in the make-believe world of the Music Hall, whose only reality is the fairy tale ending.

Of course, such a film sets out to show off the people of the Parisian Theatre World, and this it does, to the fullest advantage via big screen and Eastmancolor.

It brings to the screen Le French Cancan du Moulin Rouge, also Les Blue-Bell Girls

du Lido who have appeared on the screen in Hongkong in a previous film of the French Variety Hall.

The outstanding qualities of "Tabarin" are: A good script from Jean Ferry, author of numerous successful French scenarios. Production by Richard Pottier, and music by Francis Lopez.

There are superb music hall acts and ballet numbers created by the Lido Company, under the direction of the brilliant American Choreographer, Lee Sherman.

A colourful, gay, and entertaining film, and something entirely new.

★ ★ ★
ONCE again Hollywood girds its loins and goes to war. This time on no sleepy lagoon or sunbathed Pacific shore, but rather onto more familiar territory, (as far as I am concerned) that which led to the river Rhine, and the time is 1944.

Having seen Errol Flynn clean up Burma on his own, the skies and oceans of the world swept clear of all enemy, I have often wondered what I (most of all) and a couple of million other chaps of British heritage, were doing wasting our time between the years 1939 and 1945.

At last I have the answer, Hollywood changed sides some time during December 1944, and here we have Van Johnson mopping up the Yanks on his own; well, that's a bit of exaggeration, he has Kerwin Mathews to help him.

The film is "The Last Blitzkrieg," and it deals with that bit of frightfulness Hitler sent the American Forces somewhere just before Christmas, 1944.

Showing at the King's and Princess, it tells of the force Hitler created from dedicated Nazis who dressed in American uniforms and spread havoc during Von Rundstedt's advance.

Not a bad film at all, and what is shown did more or less take place as far as the war was concerned.

But the particular incident of a dying man's change of heart after he has turned on his own men was a bit too much for me. I can't say more than that without revealing the plot.

War scenes are pretty good; plenty of action; with the good old Hollywood sentiment served out in large chunks in the closing moments.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Last Blitzkrieg." Deals with Hitler's shock troops who posed as U.S. GI's behind American lines during German break through in the Ardennes, winter 1944. Van Johnson, Kerwin Mathews, and Dick York.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Roots of Heaven." Exceptionally good film which deals with an Englishman's obsession to stop the wholesale slaughter of wild elephant herds. Trevor Howard, Errol Flynn, and Juliette Greco. CinemaScope and colour by De Luxe.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Vikings." Technicolor film epic of Ernest Borgnine leading the Sea Kings on an arapang we will go expedition.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Ring of Fire." Elvis Presley in a VistaVision epic concerning a mixed-up kid in shady New Orleans, who finds his true love and true self plus a guitar. Also Dolores Hart and Carolyn Jones.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Next To No Time." Unapologetically funny comedy concerning a goofy situation on the Atlantic liner Queen Elizabeth. Kenneth More, Loretta Young, and John Lodge. Big Screen and Eastman Colour.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Defiant Ones." Bold, simple, and straightforward tale of two convicts caught up in racial hatred. White man Johnnie (Tony Curtis) and coloured man Cullen, (Glaudy Foster).

HOOPER & HITZ: "The Old Man and the Sea." Ernest Hemingway's epic of a

Cuban fisherman, made into a fine film. Deals with the incidents of the old man fighting a giant fish, after 84 catchless days. Spencer Tracy and Felipe Pazos.

LEE & ASTOR: "Stage Struck." The perfect film of a stage-struck girl and the New York Theatre. Great casting with Henry Fonda, Herbert Marshall, Joan Greenwood, and others.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Perfect Furlough." Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh in a perfect comedy concerning a GI let loose in Paris. Co-starring Keenan Wynn and Linda Cristal. CinemaScope and Eastman Colour.

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Lee Astor

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

If you cannot get 287 LAUGHS from "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH" You might get a LOVE from LINDA CRISTAL



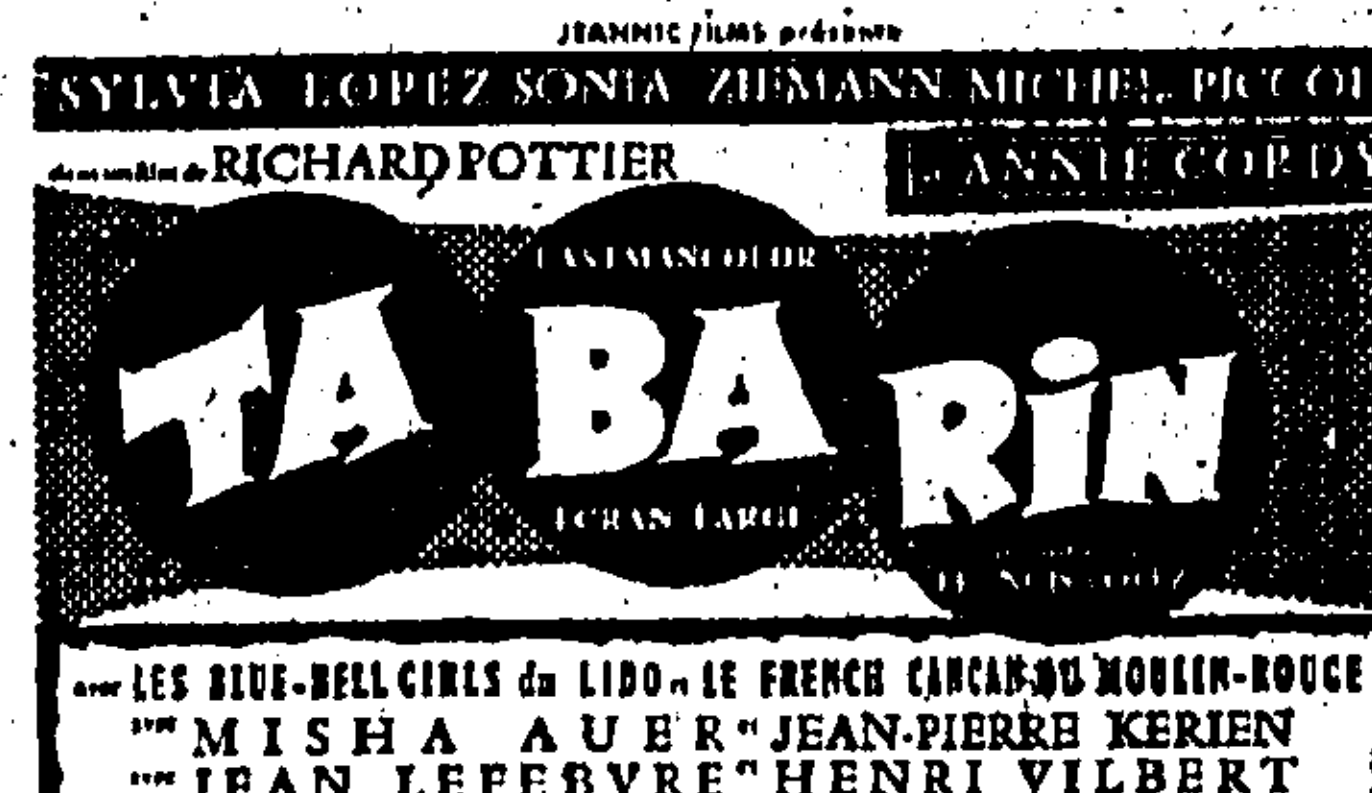
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW — AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE THEATRE AT 11.00 A.M. PARAMOUNT'S CARTOONS
AT 12.30 P.M. MONEY FROM HOME
ASTOR THEATRE AT 11.00 A.M. MIGHTY MOUSE CARTOONS
AT 12.30 P.M. LOVE ME TENDER

HOOPER • PARAMOUNT

OPENS TO-DAY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Girls! Songs! Dances! Romance!

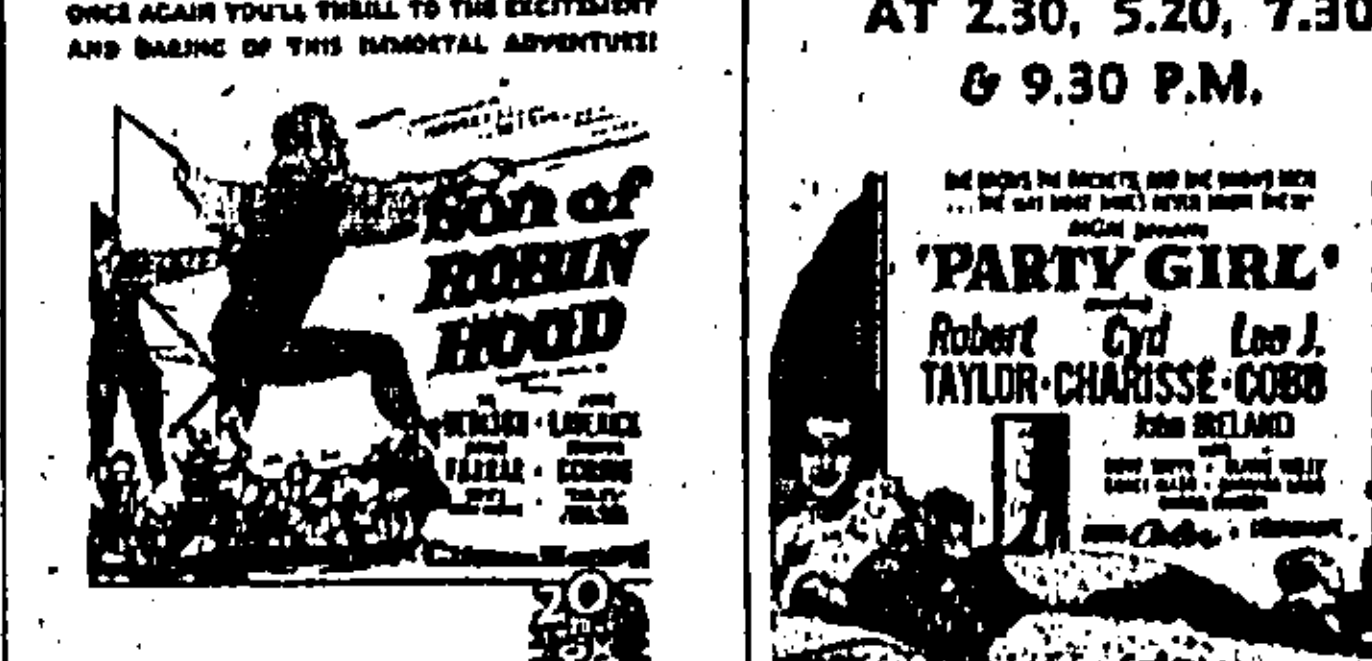


SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOPER at 12.00 noon Errol Flynn
Olivia De Havilland in "ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
PARAMOUNT at 10.15 a.m. Robert Wagner
Terry Moore in "BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

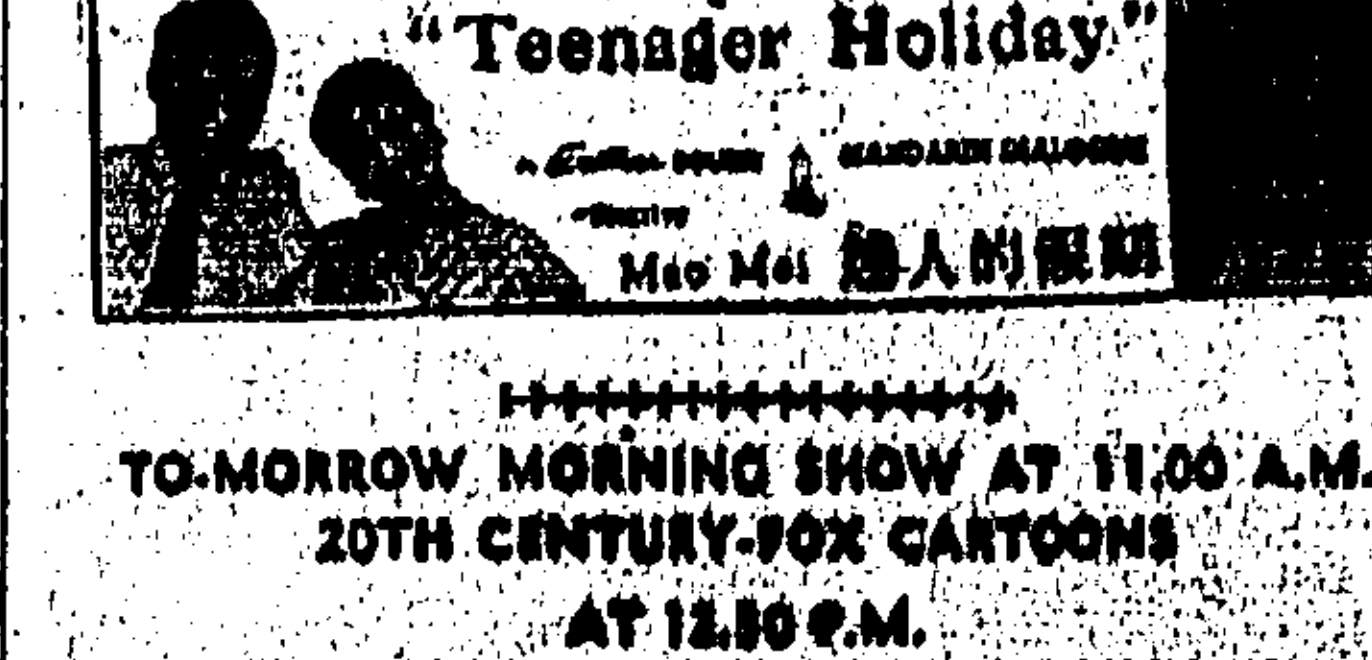
SHOWING TODAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



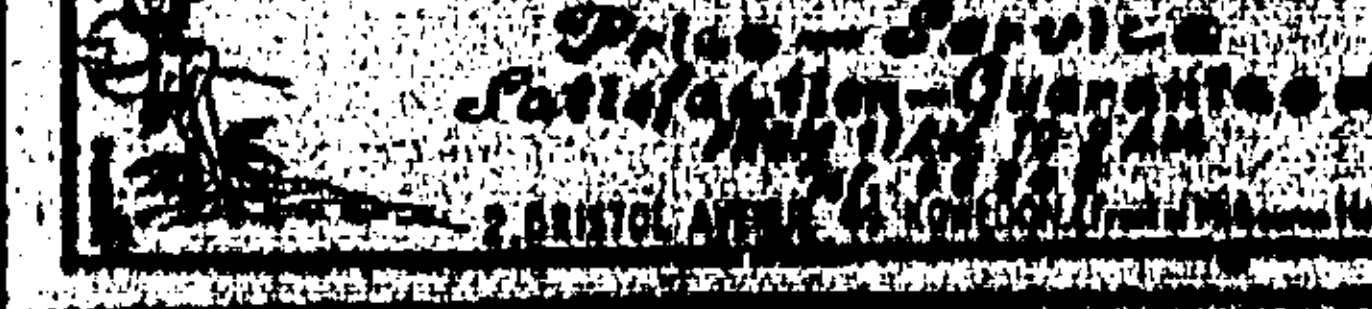
Morning Show at 12.00 a.m. To-morrow
"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"
Starring "AIR" Leads A Paramount Picture
Morning Show To-morrow
Kirk Douglas
in "CHAMPION"

CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.
20TH CENTURY-FOX CARTOONS
AT 12.30 P.M.
Tom Swell in "THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT"



THE LINDEN PLAYERS
WORKING VIEW

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

HUSBAND MUST CHOOSE

'I Won't Go Back Until Dogs Gone'

FRENCH-BORN Mrs Germaine Tuck, refugee from a house-full of dogs, booked in at an hotel with her four children last week after being missing from home and said: "Dogs! They have broken up my home. They have—as you say—driven me up the wall!"

The Horse's Mouth £ £ £

MARGARET JACKSON, 13, got money right out of the horse's mouth. Margaret stopped to offer a "treat" to a horse in a roadside field on her way to school but found the horse already was busy eating—five £1 notes.

She risked getting bitten and took the money out of the horse's mouth. She reached in again and retrieved a badly-chewed rent book and out in the name of Walter Prescott. Margaret took the money and the book to Prescott, who said his daughter dropped them beside the field on her way to pay the rent.—U.P.I.

NET ENDS SULTAN'S STROLL

SULTAN, London Zoo's "cared" pheasant—has tufts of feathers growing from the sides of his head—has been playing truant. Headkeeper Mr Jack Ward said: "Sultan has been giving us a lot of trouble lately. He has been living in one of the open paddocks on the north bank of the Regent's Canal. "Get although we clipped his wings he has managed to get out several times. "He roosted high up in one of the trees in the enclosure. When morning came, he jumped over the paddock fence."

HOUR'S HUNT He never got very far until the other day when he slipped through the Zoo boundary fence, crossed the main road, and wandered up Primrose Hill. "After about an hour's search I found Sultan sheltering in a bush near the top of the hill and caught him in a net. "But he is not likely to give us any more trouble," Mr Ward added. "We have put him in a closed aviary."

This ODD World UNDERWATER FLOWERS FOR THE PRETTY BRIDE

THE priest who married pretty Enrichetta Bozzo to handsome Sandro Dioli in San Fruttuoso immediately afterwards dived into the sea for a bouquet of "underwater flowers" for the bride.

"The water was icy cold," said the local parish priest, Don Duffile Marcante, "but I had to get the bouquet for the bride because it's part of an ancient tradition here." "Enrichetta was the first bride to be married at this little seaside village near Genoa in the past seven years, the reason being that there are only 94 inhabitants in San Fruttuoso. "Just as well," Don Marcante added. "Otherwise I'd be in bed with the flu most of the winter."—U.P.I.

His Hobby

FREDERICK MARTIN, 35, started a three-month jail sentence for counterfeiting two shilling coins that he admitted.

The hotel is close to her home in Elfin Grove, Teddington. "But," said 36-year-old Mrs Tuck, "I will not go back into that house until the dogs go. It is the dogs or me and the children."

When Mr Tuck returned at midnight with a handful of minor awards he found the house deserted.

Ports watched

He told the police and suggested that Mrs Tuck might have gone to France with the children. Channel ports were watched and French police alerted.

But all the while Mrs Tuck was in Wellborough, Northamptonshire, seeing Mr Tuck's parents with whom she pleaded: "Can you make Gordon get rid of those dogs?" She was out of luck. They said there was nothing they could do. And so Mrs Tuck and the children—13-year-old Jeanette, daughter of a previous marriage; Gordon, ten; Audrey, seven; and Ernest, two—returned to Teddington, where Mrs Tuck continued her sad saga of life among the dogs. "I like a dog, yes," she said. "A dog is nice. But six dogs! And in my kitchen. They are always in my kitchen. They live there. They eat there. They sleep there."

'Fed up' Then with rising protests Mrs Tuck said: "Even in the night-time, when I was still doing the washing, my husband he ask me to stop and go out of the room so that the dogs could go to bed. "Pah! I am, what you say here, fed up to the neck. "So now I am back in Teddington. But not for long. I will probably go back to France and there will be no more dogs for me. "They have caused me enough trouble to last me the rest of my life."

Added Mrs Tuck: "I am not legally married to Gordon. I was married previously and divorced."

She said she had left Mr Tuck once before, five years ago, when he went to France and brought her back.

Bill Beards The Board

HE JUMPS ON DIRECTORS' TABLE IN MUDDY BOOTS TO MAKE HIS PROTEST



FARMER WHEEL
This is how he did it.

THE oh-so-dignified annual meeting of the Midland Bank broke up in pandemonium when a burly, bearded farmer jumped up on to the highly polished directors' table in his muddy gumboots, and paced about on it making a protest speech.

The directors—including the chairman, Lord Monckton, Lord Alanbrooke, Sir Alexander Fleck, and Sir Alan Lascelles—gaped.

Uproar

The shareholders stared. And the chief general manager, Mr Oswald Wood, tried to pull the angry farmer down from his "platform".

But farmer Bill Wheel, who comes from Shoreham, Sussex, refused to be budged, and went on with his speech.

Not that much of it could be heard in the general uproar. What did emerge was that 39-year-old Farmer Wheel was speaking on behalf of the "Midland Bank Shareholders' Committee," which he had formed himself, and that he wanted to be elected to the board.

Mr Wheel, who, in addition to his farm, runs a garage and a vintage Rolls-Royce, said afterwards that his committee has only 14 members.

"If only the bank would give me a full list of all the shareholders I'm sure that hundreds all over the country would join me in opposing the board," he said.

He explained that his main complaint at the meeting was that Lord Monckton had declined to close before inviting questions from shareholders. "It's illegal," said Mr Wheel. "I'm going to consult counsel for a decision on this question."

Then the athletic, 6ft. farmer jammed on his deerstalker hat and strode off.

Space Toys Popular ... But So Are The Cowboy Outfits

SPACE travel was in the ascendancy at this year's International Toy Fair at Harrogate, although cowboy outfits, toy soldiers and dolls were still formidable contenders.

Amid an array of jells for building models of the latest conceptions of space-ships and satellite stations one London firm displayed a reflector telescope with which it is possible for the junior astronomer to

observe the craters of the moon, and the planets. A Kent company, which last year had great success in Britain and the United States with a miniature grand piano, has now produced a pedal-operated organ to the same scale. It is the only instrument of its kind made in Britain and to support a fine streamline appearance it is musically perfect.

Danish Women Smoke More Cigars Than Men

Hamburg. The Association of German cigar manufacturers announced that the women of Denmark smoke more cigars than the men of most countries.

Female cigar smokers in Denmark, a normal sight in the kitchen or at a concert, pushed their country's number of lighted cigars up to 207 per head annually.

No other country can make that statement, the association said.

SECOND-BEST Second-best in the honour role was Holland with 100 cigars per head annually, then Switzerland with 97, and West Germany with 90.

The United States numbered a dismal 35 cigars per head per year and behind it came Sweden, Canada, Austria and France.

However, German cigar experts claim that women in Germany and Holland are making "modest attempts" to smoke cigars, too.

The Association said the German cigar industry is starting production on a light mild brand cigar for the ladies.—U.P.I.

Television has had a marked effect on this year's toys and many stands carried "official" pistols, handcuffs, badges and spurs as worn by Wyatt Earp and other small screen heroes. Games manufacturers, too, have found TV has to some extent called the tune and more and more of the weekly quiz programmes can be bought and played at home. Even so, however, like snakes and ladders and Snakes and Ladders means back numbers. An Essex firm has combined six of the old games with six new ones in a competition "winner takes all" to the desired game by manipulating two knobs on the side of the container.

Yester-year

A section of the toy industry which seems to be moving into the past and into the future at the same time is the manufacture of miniature models. One London firm has added a series of "yester-year" models of famous race-winning cars, old trams and buses to its modern range. One which is sure to boost the company's already considerable sales to the United States is a model of "The General," one of the steam locomotives involved in the great locomotive chase of the American Civil War. Moving with the times another London company has introduced a collection of rocket age equipment, the star piece of which is a model of the Bristol "Bloodhound" guided missile with launching ramp and transporter. This particular model was made

from the Bristol Aeroplane Company's plans and was part of the company's display at the Harrogate Exhibition last year.

Foam Rubber

Outstanding for the tiny tots is a series of foam rubber dolls and cartoon animals which can be bent into any position without damage. The Middlesex manufacturers have this year introduced many new characters including a "Poppy" which is expected to have great appeal at the New York and Melbourne shows in March. One of these toys probably had the most severe test any toy has ever had in the Antarctic as a mascot on one of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition's snow tractors, and didn't even lose colour.

Making pictures with brightly coloured felt shapes has long been popular with the young. Hampshire manufacturers have now added circus and farmyard outfits to the series which attract four-year-olds in March. These toys have been proved to have an educational value and all London County Council nursery schools now use them.

World Market

The proof that British toy-makers still have the world as their market can be found in the order books of Harrogate exhibitors. On almost every stand the talk was of heavy orders at an early stage in the show, and many of the salesmen were calling on the interpreter service to make certain they had correctly translated the wishes of overseas buyers. An Essex company who were showing a range of perfumed artificial flowers in addition to toys took an order from the proprietor of an Amsterdam firm for 2,700 worth of flowers—including tulips. The perfume is added while the plastic from which the flowers are made is still in powder form. It is claimed that they hold their perfume indefinitely.

AUSTRALIAN WANTS TO HOLD EMU RACES

Sydney. Zoo keeper Jack Cain is preparing a special track to race emus at Newcastle Zoo, about 100 miles from Sydney.

"Emus are gluttons and will run like mad after pieces of meat and bread," he said. "So we'll get them to chase a feed-tray down the straight. "If the new sport is popular I'll consider applying for permission to have organised betting at week-day meetings."

First Race

"After the first race I'll see if any of the birds need handicaps. Some could start behind scratch, as at the trots."

Mr Cain said a Russian film of emus racing had given him the idea. The film showed emus racing with monkeys on their backs.

"But the feeding-tray method should prove just as successful," he said.

"The tray will be attached to a wire cable and run on a single rail the same as a tin hare at a dog meeting—probably over six furlongs."

Ten Racers

He hoped his 10 emus would be racing within several months.

The races would be held at feed time in the twilight at week-ends and on week-days.

The speed of the emus—about 30 mph—would "amaze people."

No one could get mad at an emu if he barracked for it and it lost. They were "good honest runners," China Mail Special.

THEATRE TICKETS AT DEAD OF NIGHT

London. THANKS to an American musical, Londoners can now book theatre tickets even in the dead of night.

Just phone the theatrical booking agents' head office and a cultured woman's voice says: "There is no one here to deal with your inquiry but this machine will automatically record your order."

Birdy Book

When the office staff arrives in the morning they just play back the tape, recorder and process the orders. Peter Cadbury of the agency, said he got the idea from the telephone answering service featured in the musical "Bells Are Ringing." But he said, "As far as I know they don't have it even in America."

Own Idea

He admitted it was his own idea to have the recording done by his wife Benedicte.

So far there's only one limitation to the service. It won't get tickets for "My Fair Lady." Benedicte's tape says pointedly all orders will be taken "except for Drury Lane, where "My Fair Lady" is playing.—U.P.I.



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PATIENTS TO RUN MENTAL INSTITUTION

Nottingham. The new wing of a mental institution here will be run entirely by the patients, and doctors and nurses will enter it only by invitation, officials said recently.

The new took in mental health treatment will afford patients a chance to decide how to

spend their time and whom they wish to associate with. The building will cost £25,000 and funds will be collected from public contributions. It will contain a library, a shop, a music room, a stage, a cinema and a stage with dressing room.

"Even when a patient is mentally ill, he has to learn again to live with other people in a normal setting," one official said. He explained that the new wing would be run by the patients, and that the staff would be made up of patients who were "well enough to help." "We shall go in when we are asked to give advice or help," he said.—U.P.I.



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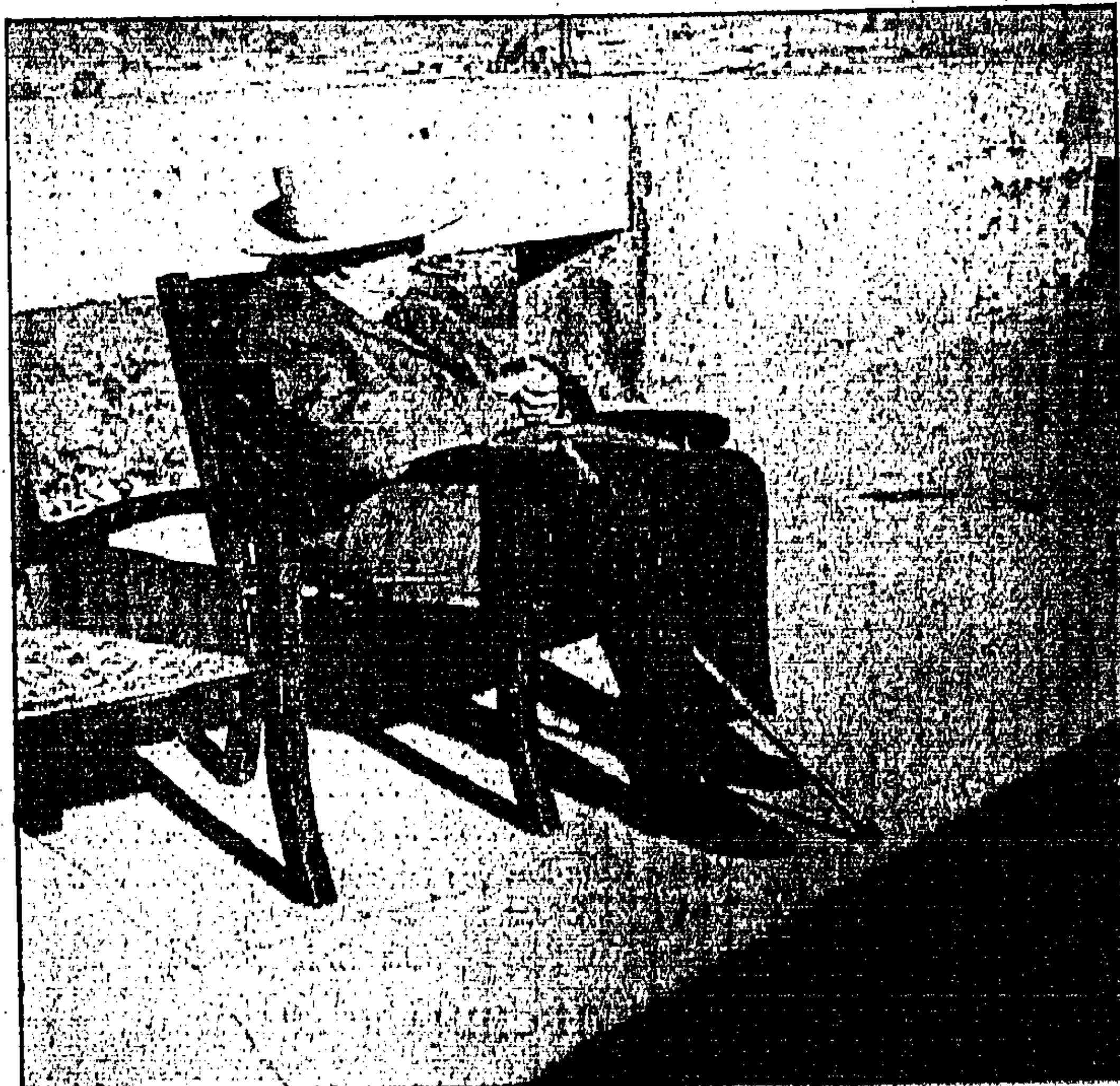


ABOVE: Nineteen-year-old Constance Laycock, Anglo-Chinese daughter of a rich Singapore lawyer, travelled 8,000 miles to London to marry seaman George Audley, 23—only to find waiting for her a letter calling the whole thing off. George came down from Birmingham to talk over with her his reasons for the cancellation (at first he said it was because she'd told him she wouldn't want to live in England's cold; then she claimed that in the latter he'd said he'd gambled away his savings.) They each gave their rings back, and then parted, with Constance saying: "Perhaps some day you will find someone you love and someone for whom you will stop gambling."



LEFT: Latest West End vehicle to star explosive and earthy singer Shirley Bassey from Cardiff's notorious Tiger Bay is the 'Prince of Wales' theatre's revue "Blue Magic." For it Shirley's found this dress—inspired by an atomic mushroom cloud and claimed to match her act. Trouble is the "cloud" has to be lifted before she can walk.

BELOW: In stetson and spotted bow tie, smoking the inevitable cigar, Sir Winston Churchill, holidaying in Morocco, finds a seat in the sun on top of a giant dam 20 miles from Marrakesh. The empty chair beside him was put there by Arab workers for Lady Churchill, but before sitting down she decided to walk along the 1/4-mile dam wall.



ABOVE: Cyprus Governor Sir Hugh Foot arrived in London recently by Royal Air Force Canberra bomber for the talks that have settled the lengthy three-way "war" on the island. "We have very good reasons to be grateful to the foreign ministers of Greece and Turkey," he said later.

RIGHT: On her first visit to London—to make "The Rough and the Smooth"—is German film star Nadja Tiller, who played the title role in "The Girl Rosamario," controversial film about call-girls and big businessmen that the Bonn government tried to ban.



ABOVE: It was a day of triumphant relaxation for Australian soprano Joan Sutherland, who recently made the Covent Garden audience stand up and cheer her performance in the rarely sung in Britain "Lucia di Lammermoor." And 80-year-old Italian conductor Tullio Serafin had fulsome praise to spare: "I cannot tell you how delighted, how moved I am to find a British singer who not only has a lovely voice but can interpret her part so fully." And he has conducted all the great Lucias—from Tetraxini in 1907 to Galli-Curci in the twenties and Callas today. "She followed me perfectly, and made her part a living character. But you cannot be born a Callas, nor become one overnight. Nevertheless I am sure Joan Sutherland has just as big a future if she goes about it the right way."



ABOVE: Touring Mexico, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra were invited by a party of ranchers to attend a rodeo, where, almost inevitably the scene, and pictures were stolen by a baby face—that of friendly, fancy-dressed and sombreroed "vaquero" Paquito. Soon is Paquito making friends with his country's royal visitors.

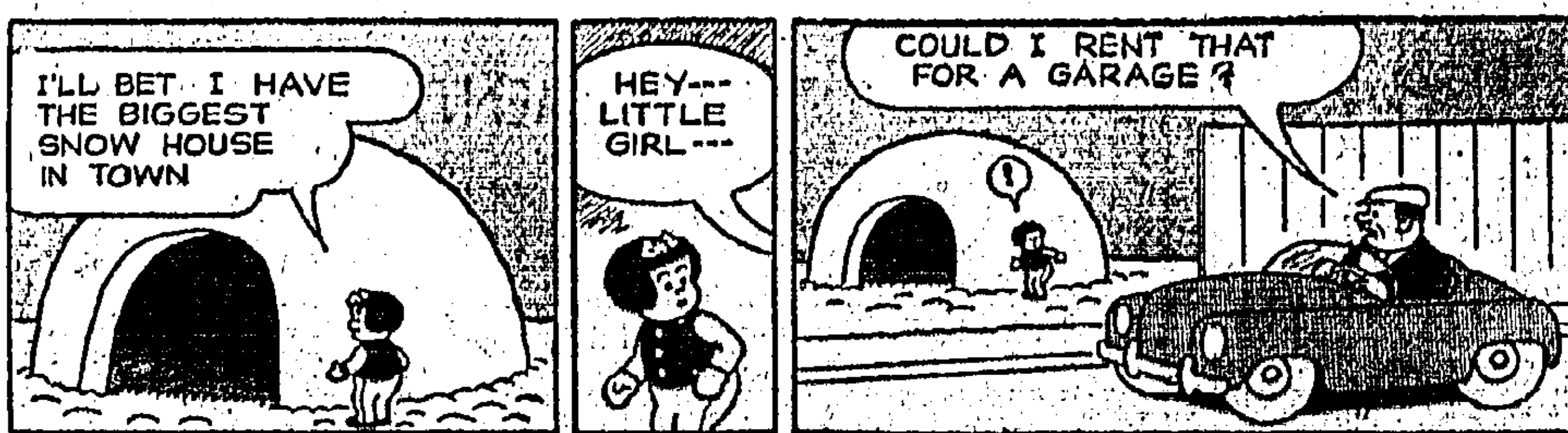


BELOW: Cyprus' four years of violence came to an end in the London Clinic sickroom where Mr. Menzies is recovering from his crash, when Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Karamanlis joined him in initiating the Zurich agreement. This ended the tense conferences during which Makarios withdrew his objections to the plan. Seen here is Archbishop Makarios leaving the London Clinic.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



The most intimate and revealing story yet of our royal visitor

PRINCE PHILIP

by his friends

Beginning fairly near his beginning, at Gordonstoun, where Philip went to school.....

I WAS in the same dormitory. He was a chap who could go off to sleep amazingly quickly.—*John Bartholomew, Edinburgh.*

BACK in that summer of 1937 I remember he would sleep under a single sheet, refuse to have a pillow and never wear a pyjama top.

The boys used to say, "Poor Philip, he's so hard up he can't afford a pyjama top." Come to think of it he did seem pretty short of cash in those days.—*John D. Clark, of Edinburgh.*

THERE was no fear in that boy. He'd swarm up a mast like a monkey. He'd go right to the top of the topmast and he was a dab hand at rigging.

A real bred-in-the-bone sailor.—*Jack Findlay, boat builder, of Hopeman, near Gordonstoun.*

I shared a room with Philip at school. He was a year younger than I, but had such a masterful manner that he was always the boss.

I was always losing my pencils and borrowing his. Whenever he caught me doing this he would grab me by the arm, punch me on the shoulder, three times and snatch back his pencil.

I don't recall that he was particularly good at sport. He was rather too plump for that.

He was captain of the cricket team because of his natural leadership rather than skill at the game. He preferred the school's scampship course to anything else.

Philip always teased at "horsey" types until the headmaster ordered him to learn to ride as well as the other boys.

I have met Philip only once since his marriage. I came across him by chance in the headquarters of the National Playing Fields Association, "Good God, Billy," he said, "what are you doing here?"

I began by calling him Philip. But I detected a new note of authority in his manner. And I ended by calling him "Sir".

William Bolitho, Penance.

I told Philip: "One day you'll marry Princess Elizabeth." He roared with laughter and said: "You're talking tripe."

James Black, former barber to the Gordonstoun boys.

The young man

Just before his eighteenth birthday Philip left Gordonstoun to enter the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. His first day came to stay with our family at Cheltenham while my father was coaching him for the entry exam to the college. He didn't seem to have much money and he was not a bit sporty. He was a very jolly boy who loved jazz—he had the radio or gramophone on whenever he could. He didn't

They say you can tell a man by his friends. Now friends of Prince Philip, from all over the world, have—for the first time—told of their best remembered moment with him.

Men who were at school with him, men and women who have worked and played with him...between them they have built up a fascinating, intimate picture of the man who today is one step behind the throne.

I asked him who he was and he said "Lieutenant Mountbatten."

We had a game of skittles. He drank beer in halves. He said: "I hear you are called Joe. May I call you Joe?"

"My name is Philip. I like my friends to call me Philip. I hope you and I are friends."

The day he called to say goodbye—he was going to London for his wedding—my wife was in the kitchen peeling potatoes.

She said, "It's dreadful you catching me like this!" He said, "Why not? I've done enough of the damn things myself."

He wasn't fussy about clothes. I've seen him in mufti in clothes I wouldn't be allowed to wear.

The Duke never forgets old friends. About a year ago he sent a formal visit to the Royal Arthur.

I said to him: "I'm sorry you've flown here because I told her it was just to let her know he hadn't forgotten her."

He said: "I would have called if I had a car. But the best I can do is fly over your home in the High Street."

He flew right over my house. My wife was thrilled when I told her it was just to let her know he hadn't forgotten her.

He had a little sports car in those days and no more money than the average young Naval officer.

In 1947 there were some of the worst floods in the Thames Valley for years. In the middle of it all he turned up in his car. He said he was in a hurry but just had to call to see if we were all right.

"I've been trying to get through on the phone all morning but the line is out of order," he said.

I told him I was going up to town. "Hop in," he said, "and I'll give you a lift."

He got up to London faster than I've ever done it before or since.

Philip must hold the record for the 97-mile drive from Corsham to London.

He told me one day that he had done it in well under two hours. I used to tell him, "You'll break your neck!"

The day he called to say goodbye before leaving for London for his wedding I was blackleading the kitchen.

But he insisted on shaking hands—Mrs Vera Buckle, who used to serve him with petrol at Corsham.

I had gone into the lounge of the Mollie Arms. A young man asked me to have a drink.

He said: "Lieutenant Mountbatten."

We had a game of skittles. He drank beer in halves. He said: "I hear you are called Joe. May I call you Joe?"

Racing bored him stiff. Polo he can't get enough of. He's not a stylist but he's fast and tough.

When I am unimpaired one of his games I often have to penalise him for a foul. Sometimes he acts innocent and asks, "What's that for?"

If he's not satisfied he may raise the matter when we're all having a drink afterwards. Once he knows what he did wrong he's quite happy.

Col. Sidney Kennedy, Chief Umpire, Hurlingham Polo Club.

He is a tough, uncompromising player. For me the main object of riding is to stay on the horse.

From what I have seen of the Duke he has the same idea. He has a sense of humour. It's the sort of game where you need one's wits.

His falls well—Jimmy Edwards, the comedian.

I've got a job any girl would give anything to have. For six years I've been looking after the Duke's ponies. He's a wonderful boss. But the job has its drawbacks.

We have to be up at six a.m. at Windsor.

His present to me last Christmas was an alarm clock.—*Pam Donoghue, head stable girl, Royal Mews, Windsor.*

I'll guarantee to sell out any boxing show the public know he's going to attend.

He's more of an attraction than the boxers. I only wish he was a fighter. I could make a lot of money if I could find a fighter with the Duke's personality.

—*Hozing promoter Jack Solomon.*

I met the Duke when he came to open the gliding championships about a year ago. The soaring conditions were poor but we went up together in a high performance two-seater.

He did the take-off. There was a bit of a wobble but he was very quick in correcting it. He did everything, flying in circles, stalling, flying round clouds.

He is above average as a pilot and I regarded him as a professional in the air.—*Derek Piggott, chief instructor, Lasham gliding centre, Hants.*

Taking a boat across the tide with a tree wind you should

steer a steady course making due allowance for tide. He's the best man I've sailed with at that—better than I am at that difficult branch of sailing.

If he could steer and sail as much as ordinary men he'd be one of the best helmsmen we've got. It's being able to size up all the wind and tidal conditions swiftly that makes him so good. He has good hands and eyes wonderfully co-ordinated.—*Uffa Fox, the famous yachtsman.*

He flicked the menu back and said, "I'm afraid I don't give autographs."

The man withdrew abashed. The Duke turned to me and asked, "Who was that?" I told him.

"Do you think he'd be sure to make no improper use of it?" he asked. I said he would be discreet.

So the Duke called the man back, apologised charmingly, took the menu and signed it.

At the end of the meal one of the company sang for us. He had a nice voice and we were all applauding in a dignified way when the loudest and most piercing whistle I've ever heard shattered my eardrums.

Looking up I saw the Duke with two fingers in his mouth about to let fly with a second car-splitter.

I said: "Good heavens, sir, I've been trying for years to do that but I can't."

He laughed and said: "I learned it the hard way—getting taxis in the London blackout."

Donald McHardy, head stalker, Balmoral.

He's the fittest man I ever went into Balmoral forest. He's very straight and nice to work with. Very talkative too.

He's a good fisherman and a good shot. But he's got a long way to go to catch up with the Queen as a rifle shot.

So we sat it out together while Princess Elizabeth was whisked off by a group of expert dancers.

Once I complimented him on the ease with which he made his speeches. He smiled. "I'm glad it seems that way. But I'm really rather shy!"

When he received the Freedom of the city he began his speech: "Doubtless the citizens of Edinburgh were surprised on a previous occasion to see the Provost and myself go arm-in-arm to the train. The explanation is that the train was five drinks late."

I said afterwards, thinking of all the dignitaries who were present, "That was a very funny story but don't you think it was a bit risky?"

He laughed and said: "Well, it was my wife who thought of it."

John Snagge, the commentator, tells what happened at a dinner party.

He sat next to me. It was an eventful evening. First of all he spilled a glass of milk down my dinner jacket. Said the Duke loudly: "The least they can do is buy you a new jacket."

They did.

At little later an eminent man came over with a menu card and asked the Duke to sign it.

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I said: "Good heavens, sir, I've been trying for years to do that but I can't."

He laughed and said: "I learned it the hard way—getting taxis in the London blackout."

Donald McHardy, head stalker, Balmoral.

He's the fittest man I ever went into Balmoral forest. He's very straight and nice to work with. Very talkative too.

He's a good fisherman and a good shot. But he's got a long way to go to catch up with the Queen as a rifle shot.

So we sat it out together while Princess Elizabeth was whisked off by a group of expert dancers.

Once I complimented him on the ease with which he made his speeches. He smiled. "I'm glad it seems that way. But I'm really rather shy!"

When he received the Freedom of the city he began his speech: "Doubtless the citizens of Edinburgh were surprised on a previous occasion to see the Provost and myself go arm-in-arm to the train. The explanation is that the train was five drinks late."

I said afterwards, thinking of all the dignitaries who were present, "That was a very funny story but don't you think it was a bit risky?"

He laughed and said: "Well, it was my wife who thought of it."

John Snagge, the commentator, tells what happened at a dinner party.

He sat next to me. It was an eventful evening. First of all he spilled a glass of milk down my dinner jacket. Said the Duke loudly: "The least they can do is buy you a new jacket."

They did.

At little later an eminent man came over with a menu card and asked the Duke to sign it.

He flicked the menu back and said, "I'm afraid I don't give autographs."

The man withdrew abashed. The Duke turned to me and asked, "Who was that?" I told him.

"Do you think he'd be sure to make no improper use of it?" he asked. I said he would be discreet.

So the Duke called the man back, apologised charmingly, took the menu and signed it.

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The fleet that had to die

The greatest sea drama of the century
now moves to its fantastic climax . . .

ONE MISTAKE SENDS A WHOLE NAVY TO ANNIHILATION

AT last, six months after leaving the Baltic, the whole naval might of Russia sailed into the Korea Strait—where the navy of Japan waited to meet in what was to be the biggest clash of battle-ships the world has seen or is likely to see: the battle of Tsu-Shima.

Under Admiral Rozhdestvensky was every Russian warship that could float. The Second Pacific Squadron, the ramshackle armada of 40 ships he had brought round the world in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, had been joined in the last stages of the voyage by an even more antiquated collection of ships, the "Third Pacific Squadron."

So now, in May of 1905, the Second and Third Pacific Squadrons sailed on the last stage of their journey to avenge the First Squadron—the fleet that had been almost obliterated by Japan early in her war against Russia.

Colliers and transports were left behind, and the fleet stripped for the fight.

Day and night since entering the danger zone the gun crews had been at action stations. But Rozhdestvensky had no intention of meeting the Japanese fleet in immediate battle if he could avoid it. His aim was to reach Vladivostok and refit before the battle. But to get there he had to sail his fleet through a strait 70 miles wide, skirted by Japanese territory.

It was an astounding thing that this vast Russian fleet had been allowed to approach so near to the Japanese bases without being detected—so close that the fleet was now intercepting radio messages from the enemy shore-based stations.

Would the Russian hold in the next few critical hours? It seemed as if it might. That night a thick mist wrapped itself round the vessels. Captain Ignatiev, of the Suvoroff, was optimistic. "It's 200,000 to one against anyone running into us accidentally," he said. "But I don't like this breeze. It's breaking up the mist."

Visibility

Visibility varied greatly from moment to moment. It was at its thickest when a shout from the flagship's lookout caused a dozen pairs of binoculars to sweep the murky sea.

Then the mist drew back like a curtain across a stage, revealing with sudden nakedness a two-funnelled cruiser cutting through the water less than a mile away. Captain Ignatiev's 200,000-to-one chance had come up.

The cruiser vanished as dramatically as it had appeared. But from now on the Russian fleet was constantly shadowed.

by RICHARD HOUGH

Every man under Rozhdestvensky's command knew that the fleet were waiting to strike in their own time.

In all the ships the tables and chairs, the wooden fittings and anything combustible that was not vital to their fighting efficiency had been hurled overboard.

The decks were hosed down and sprinkled, like the guns, with holy water.

The signal

From his flagship, the battleship Suvoroff, the admiral sent a signal to his fleet. "Tomorrow, at the hoisting of colours battle flags are to be sent up."

Admiral Togo, commander-in-chief of the Japanese fleet, a tough, grizzled little man with brilliant black eyes, stood on the bridge of his flagship. Above him streamed the signal in a parody of the Nelson manner: "The fate of the empire depends on today's event. Let every man do his utmost."

To his imperial headquarters Togo sent the signal: "The enemy fleet having been sighted, the combined squadrons will go out to meet it and defeat it."

Acted first

That task was made easier by Rozhdestvensky's orders just before the main fleets came within sight of each other.

He began a turn to starboard, and then almost immediately cancelled it, after it had been executed by only the leading

four battleships. They were restored to their original course. The effect was that his fleet ceased to be one battle line, and became two parallel lines of ships.

No one will ever know what strange reasoning prompted the admiral to carry out this manoeuvre, the first positive step he had taken beyond the order to take up battle stations.

It was at this confused and crucial moment that Togo's main battle fleet, headed by the battleship Mikasa, appeared on the horizon as a long, steady line of grey hulls and towering superstructures.

Togo acted first. He brought his entire fleet, while still out of range, across the bows of the two Russian lines. Then he swung them round in a loop to put them on almost the same course as the Russian ships, but edging in towards them.

The quiet hero

It was a daring gamble. The turn would take ten minutes to complete. During that time the Japanese gunners would be helpless, their sights masked by their own ships. The Japanese battleships were now within range of the Russians. For ten minutes they would be sitting targets.

So the scene was set for the drama that was to follow. And the most vivid and detailed record of that drama was provided by the one British observer, the Japanese battleship Asahi.

He was a striking figure. He was tall, and wore a monocle; he always dressed immaculately. He watched the storm and fury of Tsu-Shima from a deck-chair on the most exposed position on the quarterdeck of the Asahi, calmly taking notes.

The Japanese C-in-C was asked, after the battle, to bring before the Mikado the bravest man in the Japanese fleet. Togo submitted "Pakenham" to the royal notice.

Recording the critical moments of the Japanese turning manoeuvre, Pakenham wrote: "It was interesting to watch each ship approach and run through this warm spot, a feat all were lucky enough to accomplish without receiving serious injury."

It was luck, aided by the confusion among the Russian battleships.

The battle of Tsu-Shima and ultimately the Russo-Japanese war, was to be lost by the momentary hesitancy of a tired and wasted admiral who could not make up his mind, and when he changed it disregarded the consequences.

That hesitation resulted in the fleet facing one another in two columns on a similar but slightly converging courses.

If Rozhdestvensky had given one more order, to alter course to port and slip behind the long Japanese column, pouring a stream of fire into the vulnerable tail end, the brief action might have been hailed as a Russian victory.

Instead he allowed Togo to push him further and further to starboard, until the range had closed to 4,000 yards, then to 3,000, and finally to less than a mile.

The whole Japanese line now sparkled away and with the muzzle flashes of nearly 900 guns, half of which appeared to be directing their fire on the

Suvoroff and the rest on the course. Oshabeya, which was leading a second group of Russian ironclads.

The first hit on the Suvoroff landed abreast of the fore funnel, and one of the six-inch gun turrets, falling directly on to the dressing station, rigged up in this sheltered spot, which served normally as the ship's church.

Not one of the medical orderlies survived the explosion; only the doctor remained unharmed beside the image of Christ with its glass intact, and the candles which still burned in their holders.

The bombardment increased in intensity, as salvo after salvo of 12-inch "super-torpedoes," eight-inch and six-inch shells, raked the flagship from stem to stern and the surviving sailors on deck succumbed to the paralysis of shock, their responses numbed by the onslaught.

There was no escape from the holocaust of flying metal, nowhere to hide, nowhere to go. The coming-tower, the flagship's brain centre, received two direct hits in quick succession which caused a complete confusion and chaos that lasted some 30 minutes, and during that time the battle lost all shape and developed into a series of isolated actions.

Captain Bulchevstov, of the Alexander III, automatically took over the first position from his C-in-C in the fearful game of follow-my-leader when the Suvoroff swung away.

The Borodino now received the concentration of fire from the Japanese first squadron at a range of one and a half miles.

Slowly Bulchevstov completed a full circle, with Togo doubling back on his course in another perfectly executed 180-degree turn to prevent their escape.

The Russian ships were forced into another and wider circle. In the midst of it all, receiving the sporadic fire of friend and foe, the unmanageable and burning bulk of the Suvoroff drifted slowly east, the fleet passing her and flanking its wounds in front of her admiral.

The Alexander III was listing heavily from a gash in the bows. She had lost both her funnels.

The Borodino, now in the lead, was emitting flames from a dozen fires, and the Orzel behind her was in little better shape.

On the Suvoroff's port beam, Togo, sailing in to re-open the engagement, caught sight of the stationary battleship between the two lines, and gave orders for the guns to aim at the flagship at 1,000 yards' range.

The Suvoroff suffered her death agony nobly. "Her condition seemed infinitely deplorable," Pakenham wrote in his despatch. "Smoke curling round the stern was telling horizontally away on the wind."

In the absence of funnels, contributed much to her air of distress, the now extensive conflagration raking amidships showed its reality. Less than half the ship can have been habitable, yet she fought on.

Rozhdestvensky still lay sprawled on the case in the disabled six-inch gun turret. From time to time he raised his head, and asked in a low

voice how the battle was going. He shook his head slowly when he was told the time had come to transfer him to a destroyer.

"Come on air," de Colongue implored. "We haven't much time. There are some cruisers coming up." Then to the half-dozen sailors standing by: "Lift him gently, he's very bad." Rozhdestvensky groaned slightly. (Contd. on Page 7)

PART THREE

Only once have two great modern naval Powers committed their entire fleets in one decisive action. This is the record of that historic battle—a battle for which Russia had sent a fleet 18,000 miles round the world... only to meet disaster at the hands of the Japanese Navy.



Gently they carried the wounded admiral into a turret . . .

PRINCE PHILIP... By His Friends

(Continued from Page 5)

He's a very good seaman. At various times he took over the Britannia and managed the ship perfectly. Towards the end of the tour he took Britannia into Gibraltar harbour.

The Fleet was waiting to greet him, dressed overall. As we passed each ship lined up to greet us, the Duke hurried out of the wheelhouse on to the bridge.

There he took the salute, then ducked back into the wheelhouse to continue with his directions.

Richard Dimbleby remembers... In the television programme he undertook during the geophysical year I did the introduction, and he did all the rest.

His presentation was professional but he did make one mistake. He "missed out" a paragraph from his script and when a certain piece of film should have been cued it was not and so failed to appear.

I noticed the blunder but the Duke remained calm and covered it up expertly simply passing on to a description of what actually appeared on the screen.

After the programme there was a reception at the B.B.C. The Duke asked me what I thought of the show. I said it was excellent but added: "If next time I make a blunder in a programme I cover it up as well as you did I'll be very happy."

He laughed and said: "Of course you realise it was my deliberate mistake."

In this essential sense of fun which seems to bubble near the surface all the time showed itself on another occasion.

The Queen and the Duke had come to Greenwich to open the famous Cutty Sark which was going into honourable retirement as I think, a naval school.

In his capacity as chairman of the Cutty Sark Preservation Committee Mr. Walter Barrie had the job of formally requesting the Queen to undertake the ceremony.

What he was supposed to say was: "Your Majesty, I have the honour to ask you to declare open the Cutty Sark."

What he actually said was: "Your Majesty, I have the honour to ask you to declare open the Cutty Sark."

honour to ask you to declare open the CUTTY SARK. It was the kind of slip that every public speaker dreads. The sort of thing that haunts a broadcaster's nightmares.

My blood ran cold. I stole a quick glance at the Queen. Her features were completely composed, but from the way she pursed her lips I guessed she was praying she wouldn't make the same mistake.

I peeped over my shoulder at the Duke. He was grinning all over his face.

★ ★ ★ Captain Roy Harris, Appeals Secretary of the National Playing Fields Association, says: "Prince Philip became President of the Association just another token president was due for a big shock."

He took over an office in our headquarters for three months. During that time he worked as just another official, turning up at his desk each morning, getting through whatever problems were piled up for him, and taking his morning coffee from the office's communal coffee-pot like everyone else.

He wanted to do and do just how he operated. Once he knew that, he set out to live things up all round.

He smartened up the office routine, brightened up our publicity material, quickened the whole pace of the association—everything, in fact, but a new coat of paint for the offices.

That sort of thing was out of the question for Prince Philip, because it cost money which could go towards another playing field.

★ ★ ★ Early on, he made a pledge that he would go anywhere to open a new playing field. And he certainly has. He has opened fields all over Britain—from the Shetland Isles to Steyning, in London's East End, from a seven-acre village grove to a half-acre playground at the corner of a city back-street.

Prince Philip earns us money through his sheer personality. He just turned up at a fruit auction we had in Covent Garden, and it raised £2,000. He went away with a Wyatt Earp type stealer which he bought for £50 to help things along.

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Then, Prince Philip began to speak in his usual style and he just did them—made the "cutty" and then, Prince Philip has the knack of winning over any audience.

old former President of the British Association. Prince Philip really is interested in science. He wants to know "all about everything. He really works at it."

His address to the 1951 meeting of the British Association was on "The British contribution to science and technology in the past hundred years."

It was a vast subject for him to tackle. His address turned out to be a brilliant success.

But I had to work hard to convince some doubters that the Prince had really written the thing himself.

It was written on board the Magpie, which he was commanding in the Mediterranean. While his ship was at sea, he would work late into the night, the cabin stream with reference books. The first draft was scrawled in longhand on naval signal pads. The finished result was a masterpiece.

Prince Philip brings a fresh and direct approach to his work. He puts it over well because he's basically interested in people.

★ ★ ★ The Commonwealth study conference on human problems in industrial communities which he held at Oxford in 1950 was carried through by his personal drive and enthusiasm.

It was his idea to call it a "study conference" so that the delegates would not feel they had to produce a list of formal resolutions.

The whole thing was in the balance when the country's top industrialists and trade union leaders were first called to Buckingham Palace to hear the Prince outline his plan for the conference.

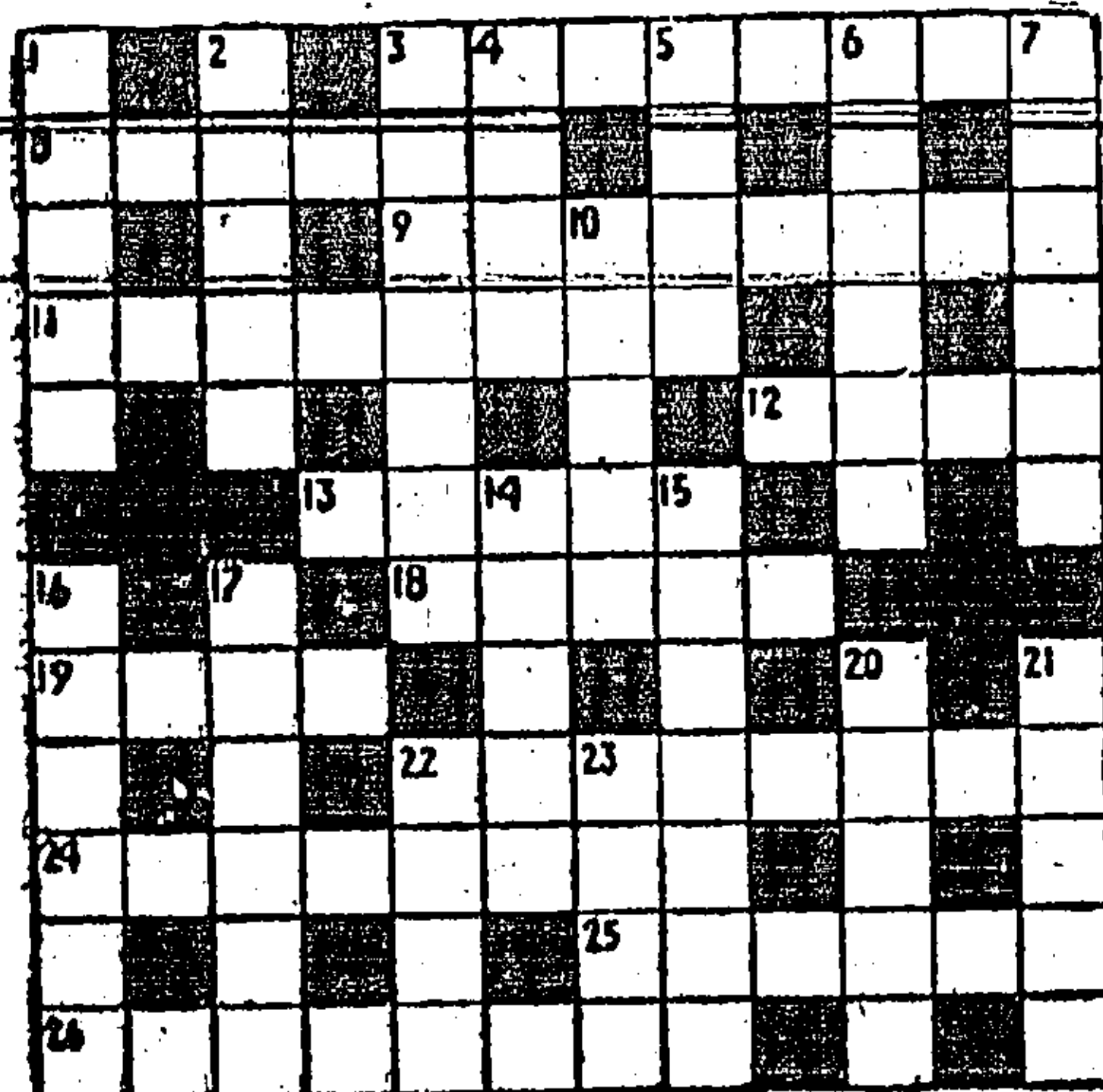
His ideas were open to criticism by the shrewdest boardroom and committee-room brains in Britain. But he won them over completely.

"That young man," a leading trade unionist told me afterwards, "he's just splendid at handling a meeting."

The conference itself could have got off to a bad start. There were 300 delegates from all parts of the Commonwealth, all thrown together and wondering just what was going to happen.

Then, Prince Philip began to speak in his usual style and he just did them—made the "cutty" and then, Prince Philip has the knack of winning over any audience.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Building (8).
- 9 Chant (6).
- 10 Optimistic (6).
- 11 Zest (6).
- 12 Fall to include (4).
- 13 Permission (6).
- 14 Fascination (8).
- 15 Frolic (4).
- 16 Throws away (8).
- 17 Item of jewellery (8).
- 18 Distant (6).
- 20 Put off (6).

DOWN

- 1 Nip (5).
- 2 Weight (5).
- 3 Makes certain (7).
- 4 Quantity of paper (4).
- 5 Teeth (4).
- 6 Peculiarities of language (1).
- 7 Jewish quarter (6).
- 8 Pluck (6).
- 9 Month (6).
- 10 Chosen by vote (7).
- 11 Investigated (6).
- 12 Collision (6).
- 13 Show in (5).
- 14 Expensive (4).
- 15 Withered (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Streamer, 7 Habit, 8 Addendum, 10 Astute, 18 Dissect, 19 Mesa, 17 Rotates, 18 Pleasure, 20 Real, 21 Estates, 22 Examine, 23 Coavens, 24 Like, 25 Sediment. Down: 1 Abound, 2 Abate, 3 State, 4 Even, 5 Mid-set, 6 Remise, 9 Decree, 11 Bilde, 12 Usual, 14 Tosses, 15 Madam, 16 Seven, 18 Frolic, 19 Earned, 22 Treat, 23 Timid, 24 Sewer, 25 Tera.

This series is based on "The Fleet That Had to Die," by Richard Hough (Hassell, Harpden, 1954).

...and a day's history is recorded by a monocled Briton in a deck-chair

(Contd. from Page 4)

ly when they picked him up, but made no other protest as they carried him towards the steel door.

"Go carefully through here, there isn't much room," do Colongue ordered.

It was impossible to edge his big body through without wrenching his limbs, and his jacket was ripped when it caught against a jagged edge of metal.

But it was easier when he lost consciousness and went limp in their arms, and they were able to hurry along a cleared path through the narrow gangway between the turrets and the side of the upper battery to the bow embrasure.

Up at the bows a little group of curious bluejackets, hanging about like idle spectators at an accident, had gathered to see off their admiral—all with blackened hands and faces and torn uniforms, and many with small undressed wounds.

"What are you staring at?" Midshipman Werner von Kursel shouted angrily. Kursel was an unpopular youth. He had been the butt of many jokes. He was to be one of the ship's heroes.

He began directing the little destroyer Bulny around from the ice side, where the flames shot out dangerously, shouting instructions to her captain through a megaphone.

Human chain

It was a dreadfully hazardous operation. The sea was still running high; the sides of the Suworoff were a mass of jagged, ripped iron plates, smashed gun barrels and broken torpedo net booms; and the first shells were already falling from the Japanese armoured cruisers.

Von Kursel ordered a group of men to climb down over the side, holding on to whatever projections they could find, and by flattening themselves against the ship's plates, to form a human chain down which Rozhdestvensky could be rolled.

The operation had to be timed to a split second. Standing on the embrasure above, with his legs wide apart and the megaphone at his lips, von Kursel waited until the last of the destroyer began to rise, up towards the Suworoff on the roll. "Not yet, steady, here she comes," he shouted above the screaming of iron hull against hull. "Now—let him go!"

At once the waiting sailors released their admiral over the side, and his long, limp body tumbled away, half-falling, half-rolling over the bluejackets' backs into the waiting arms on the Bulny.

I shall stay...

A few of the party with Rozhdestvensky went with him into the already crowded destroyer. The faithful Clapier de Colongue was still at his master's side.

But von Kursel stayed aboard the doomed battleship. "Aren't you coming?" he shouted at Colongue.

"No, sir," he called back. "I shall stay by the ship." He was the only unwounded officer aboard: one midshipman in command of a hundred or so bluejackets and one 75 mm. gun.

The Suworoff went down at seven minutes past midnight, by simultaneous attack her simultaneous. No one escaped. A few minutes later, the workshop-ship Kamchatka, which had strayed by chance to within a mile or two of her flagship, during her last minutes, exploded and followed her to the bottom.

The Alexander III went down soon after the flagship. The

From ship to ship they carried their wounded admiral



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED. Admiral Togo at Rozhdestvensky's bedside. "There is no dishonour in defeat," he said.

Dorodino blew up with a tremendous explosion that left only a black cloud brooding over the place where she had been. But for the cruisers under Admiral Enkvist, the story was different.

Enkvist's nerves succumbed to the shattering noise and the bewildering sights of the sea battle. He was overwhelmed by it all.

Amazement

His fast light cruisers were supposed to be looking after the transports at the rear of the column. But at one stage when the Japanese opened desultory long-range fire, Enkvist's ships were disposed in light, huddled formation surrounded by a screen of the vessels they were supposed to be protecting.

They received more damage from one another than from Japanese shells.

Enkvist claimed that several times he tried to break through the Japanese battle line (though this was long after the Japanese battleships had left the area and handed over to their torpedo craft).

"I therefore decided to make for Mantia," continued Enkvist's report blandly. "There, peaceful if momentary, internment awaited him, his crews, and his ships."

Throughout the fleet the picture was a confused patchwork of heroism and cowardice.

The ironclad Monomakh and Sisoy Veliky surrendered at dawn without firing a shot, while the Oushakoff was fought to a blazing wreck.

The fleet was regarded as weak and ineffectual by their men went down firing their ships' last workable guns. Crews with good records, who had given the C-in-C little trouble on the voyage, crumpled at the first broadside, and concealed themselves to avoid duty on the upper deck."

One of the Japanese commanders discovered to his astonishment only 20 dead and some 40 wounded on a battleship with a complement of 900, the decks of which were a shambles of twisted ironwork.

At first light on the second day of the battle, Admiral Nebogotoff in the Nicholas I found himself leading the Oryol, two of his old coast-defence ships and the Izumrud in a grey, choppy sea.

It was a cold, dark morning. The men were dead tired, the maximum speed of the ships was seven knots, and the shelter of Vladivostok harbour was still more than three hundred miles away.

And at 5 a.m. smudges appeared on the horizon. These grew in size and number until by nine o'clock the shaken, battered Russian contingent was surrounded by the might of the Japanese Navy, apparently undamaged and in impeccable formation for the final killing.

Surrender...

"What is the enemy's range?" Nebogotoff asked the Flag Gunner Officer standing beside him. Already the first Japanese shells were falling, sending up tall fountains in the sea along-side.

"Twelve thousand yards, sir." There was not a Russian gun left that could shoot above 11,000 yards. It was clear that the Japanese, with a long day before them, could continue to fire on them at leisure and in complete security.

Each of his staff officers in turn Nebogotoff put the question. "What are we to do?" A 12-inch shell exploded with tremendous force in the water amidships; the old battleship shivered from stem to stern as another crashed on the deck aft.

Captain Smirnov, who had lain all night in the sick-bay

with a head wound, was the last to give an opinion.

"Yesterday we did our duty, sir," he told Nebogotoff. "Today we are no longer in a condition to fight. There is nothing for it but to surrender." It was the first time the word had been spoken. It decided the issue.

It took some time to find a table-cloth large enough to act as a surrender flag, and even when this was raised the Japanese gunners scored more hits and killed a number of men before the fire ceased.

The Japanese had seen the white cloth, but they could not understand why four enemy ships, three of which appeared to be fighting him, should give without firing a shot.

For them the act of surrender did not exist; there was no word for it in their service.

"It was utterly beyond our expectations," Togo wrote later. "We had opened fire with the strongest determination to annihilate them at once, but all in vain. It really was the strangest occurrence, and we were astonished and somewhat disappointed."

New flagship

But it was true enough. On decks of the Oryol there were the Russian sailors, in their dirty uniforms, lined up in ragged rows, like herds of tired, grey sheep calmly awaiting their fate.

Rozhdestvensky spent a feverish, restless night in the destroyer Bulny, lying in a hammock slung in the commander's cabin.

Somewhat the Bulny's captain managed to drive his way northward in the darkness through the swarming Japanese torpedo-boats, and at dawn, just as his engines were fluttering and his fuel running low, he chanced on three of the few Russian ships left afloat. They were the cruiser Donskoy and the destroyers Grozny and Bedoviy, making their way north towards Vladivostok at full speed.

The captain asked Rozhdestvensky, "May I improve in strength and spirit, to which of the vessels he wished his flag to be transferred."

The admiral chose the Bedoviy, which was undamaged and had sufficient coal to carry her to Vladivostok.

Carefully Rozhdestvensky was carried up the narrow iron ladder to the Bulny's deck on a stretcher and lowered over the side into a boat and taken across to the Bedoviy.

There he gave the order to steam for Vladivostok.

It was his last command. Before he could be carried below to have his wounds dressed again, he once more

declined to a coma; and two hours later his tiny form was found by a group of Japanese destroyers.

The Grozny increased speed, and then reduced it again as it became apparent that the ship carrying Rozhdestvensky was making no attempt to escape.

Only when the admiral's ship hoisted a flag for parley did the Grozny turn away to make good her own escape.

The Bedoviy, like the Grozny, could have outstripped the pursuers and avoided the humiliation of surrender.

The victor

It was Clapier de Colongue's loyal devotion to his C-in-C, for which he was to pay dearly, that decided otherwise. He knew that the vibration of the ship at full speed would be certain to kill his master, if the enemy shells did not succeed in doing so.

Clapier de Colongue, too, had difficulty in persuading the enemy that the fight was over. The St. Andrew's flag at the stern had to be hauled down, and the stress set to send out a continuous high-pitched wail of distress before the Japanese gunners at last ceased firing.

Then a boat manned by Japanese bluejackets was rowed at top speed, the destroyer's commander, Lieutenant Ayiba, standing erect at the stern.

He had his sword unsheathed when he leaped on board the Bedoviy, and for one moment the crew lined up on deck feared the worst.

But the lieutenant was concerned only with the radio aerial; with quick slashes he tore it down, and then turned to do Colongue.

"Are you the captain?" he asked in English. "I am now in command of the ship."

The only one among the staff with a knowledge of Japanese, explained that among his prisoners there was an admiral, the commander-in-chief of the Russian force, but it was a moment before the lieutenant could be made to understand.

Vice-Admiral Rozhdestvensky his prisoner? In this insignificant little vessel? Lieutenant Ayiba's oriental calm was utterly shattered. "Where is your admiral?" he demanded.

"In the commander's cabin aft," he was told. "But the surgeon says he must on no account be disturbed."

"It won't disturb him, gentle-



RUSSIAN SAILORS struggle in the water while Japanese torpedo boats press home their attack.

ness. On the morning of May 30 the Bedoviy, with Rozhdestvensky still aboard, was towed into Sasebo harbour. Nebogotoff's ironclads were already there, tied up against the harbour wall, each with the Japanese flag flying at the masthead. Dockyard workers were already clearing the rubble from their decks.

But Rozhdestvensky did not see them; he was still lying unconscious below decks.

For several days after he was carried ashore at Sasebo, Rozhdestvensky lay half-conscious and in pain in a private ward in the naval hospital.

As soon as he was off the danger list, surgeons operated on him, removing the sliver of bone from his broken skull, and by the end of the first week in June it was clear that his sturdy constitution had won and that he would soon be convalescent.

A few days later Admiral Togo called on him to apologise for the somewhat spartan conditions in the hospital and "the absence of comforts due to such a distinguished patient."

Sitting at Rozhdestvensky's bedside, the dignified little man—now more than ever the object of adulation in his country—attempted also to console him.

"There is no need for a warrior to associate an honourable de-

feat with shame," he told him. "We fighting men suffer either way, win or lose. The only question is whether or not we do our duty. During the battle your men fought most gallantly, and I admire them all and you in particular. You performed your great task heroically until you were incapacitated. I pay you my highest respects."

The reckoning

On August 28 Rozhdestvensky left hospital and was carried in a rickshaw to the quayside in Sasebo harbour, where he embarked on a Japanese steamer for Osaka.

A month later he sailed for home in the Russian merchantman Veronoye, "looking vigorous," an observer reported. "Though he has grown thin from hardships and worries. But the doctor says that is a trifle; his nerves are of iron, and they will sustain him so that he will outlive us all."

It required only a single call at the Russian Admiralty to make clear to him his future role. He was to be the scapegoat, a scapegoat to be treated gently, bearing in mind his rank—and the wide knowledge he possessed of the workings of the Higher Naval Board.

Rozhdestvensky was quietly retired on a generous pension, and it was hoped that no more

would be heard from him after the two private courts of inquiry—into the surrender of the Bedoviy with himself on board, and Nebogotoff's capitulation—had been heard.

But at the courts martial of his second-in-command, the captains of the captured ironclads, and his own staff, the result from these investigations, Rozhdestvensky insisted on appearing, first as a witness and then as one of the accused.

In a brief but highly dramatic hearing, Rozhdestvensky stood loyally by his subordinates, accepting full responsibility for everything that had occurred at Tsushima. "I was in full possession of my senses," he claimed when the prosecuting counsel attempted to pass the blame on to his staff. "The witnesses who have declared that I was delirious are mistaken."

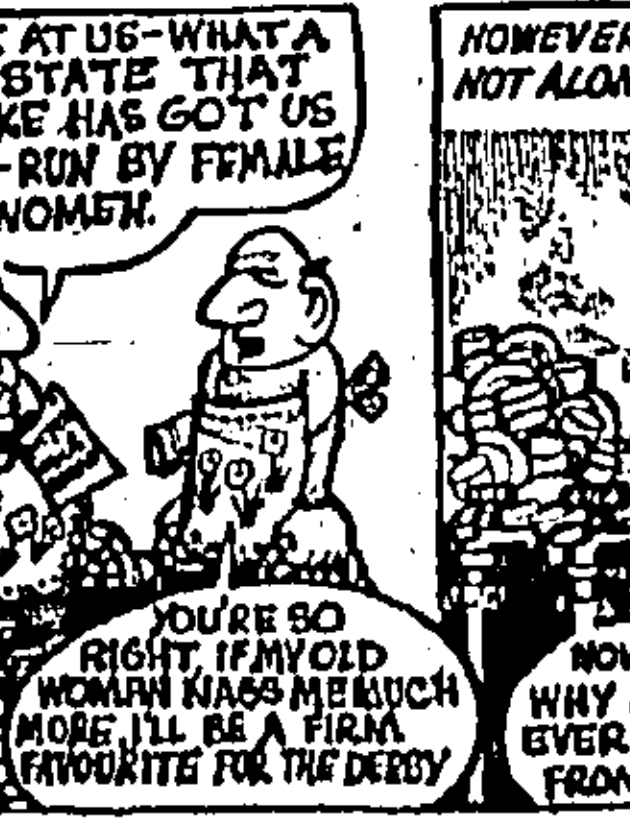
But in spite of all his efforts, it was he who was acquitted, while Nebogotoff and Clapier de Colongue, who behaved throughout with dignity, were sentenced to be shot.

Zinoviy Petrovich Rozhdestvensky survived for a further four years in retirement. He died on January 14, 1909.

THE END

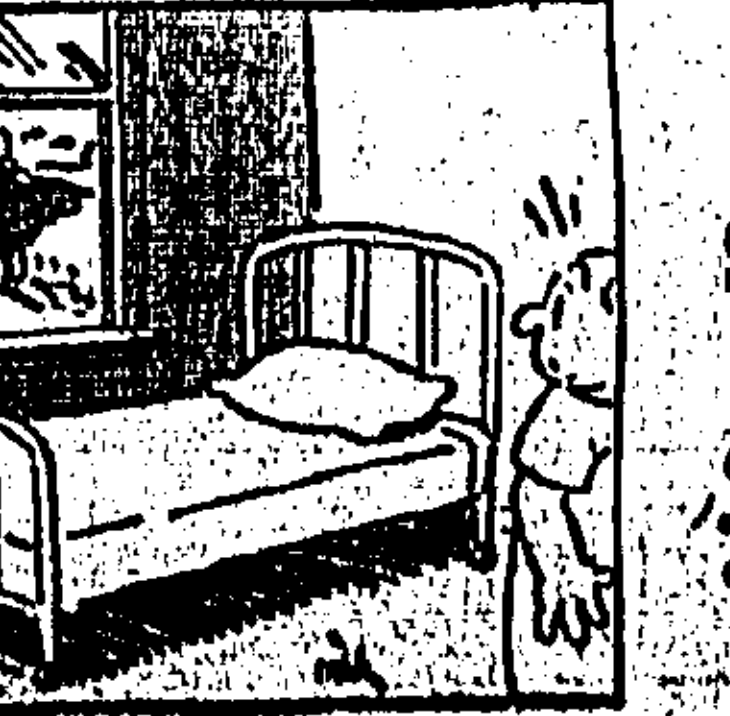
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FOUR D. JONES . . .

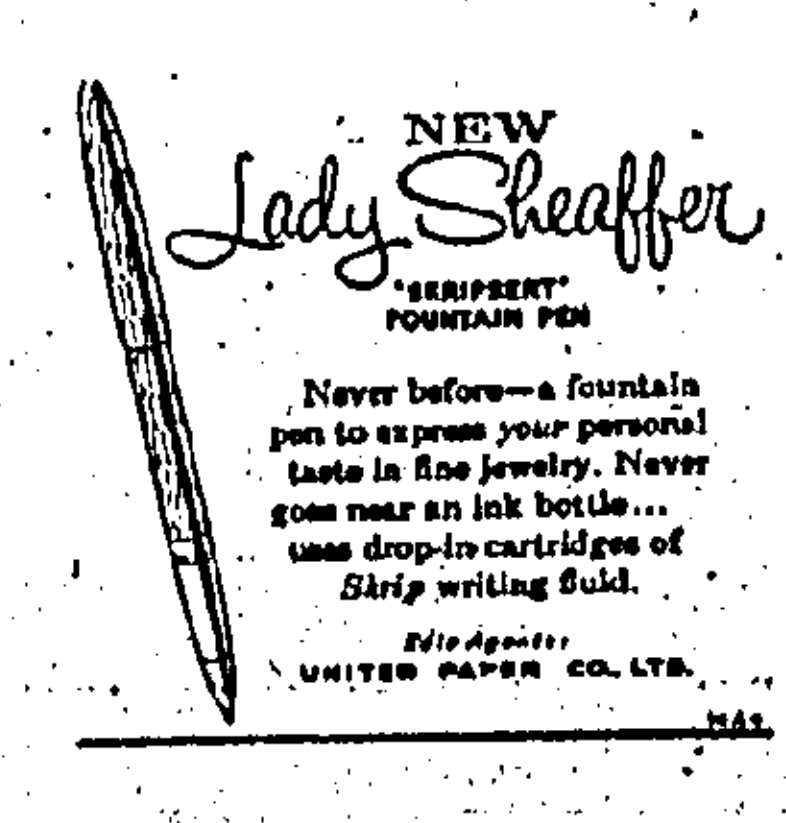


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LAW-BREAKING DRIVERS: AN INGENUOUS PLAN THAT WILL CAUSE INDIGNATION

I HAVE just been examining a plan which will certainly cause indignation among motorists.

It is a new, bold approach to motorist summonses and I applaud it. The plan rates motorists' behaviour on a points system. I believe it should be tried over here to bring greater sanity and safety to our fast-choking, traffic-bound roads. It is aimed at abolishing the biggest danger to motorists and pedestrians — the inconsiderate driver, the fellow who behaves thoughtlessly.

The frightening toll of 209,787 people killed and injured on roads in Britain last year would drop steeply, I believe, if we were to fall in line with the traffic experts of Toronto.

The plan started recently. It consists of accumulating a driver's faults on record.

Drivers who commit minor offences in Ontario now receive letters telling them how many points they have lost.

Criminal negligence costs 12 points; other offences may mean two points lost.

When a driver's score reaches six points he gets a warning letter.

At nine points he can be put on probation, suspended from driving or instructed to take a driving test.

At 12 points his licence is automatically suspended for three months.

Speeding

Penalty points are debited only when a motorist is convicted in a traffic court. The Toronto police cannot arbitrarily deduct penalty points.

Three offences besides criminal negligence rate a 12-point deduction.

The others are drunk in charge, driving while ability is impaired, and cheating by getting a licence by misrepresentation.

Nine points are registered for failing to stop at the scene of an accident, and a driver gets five points for careless driving or excessive speeding.

However, exceeding a speed limit by more than 10 but less than 30 miles an hour means three points. Failing to yield a right of way or failing to obey a stop sign or report an accident also means a three-point deduction.

Less serious offences cost two points. These include exceeding the speed limit by 10 miles an hour or less, inconsiderate or improper passing, failing to share the road, thoughtless and wrong turns to the right or left, failing to signal, and failing to drive in the correct traffic lane.

Two points go for driving on the wrong side or on the centre of the road where it is prohibited, failing to stop for

a school bus or crossing, unnecessary slow driving, going the wrong way up one-way streets, following too closely another car, and improper passing (on the wrong side) of a tram or trolleybus.

These rules cover about the whole gamut of offences or willfully bad driving, and the idea should be welcomed by British motorists.

When a motorist knows he will be marked up for faults on an accumulative points system which will eventually take away his licence, you can be sure that he will pause to think and behave less like a thoughtless idiot.

A doubt

The scheme is so important that British authorities traffic experts are watching it closely.

But a Ministry of Transport man in Berkeley Square House said to me recently: "We doubt if the plan could be adopted universally in Britain. Toronto has 100,000 motorists. Britain has more than 8,000,000."

"The paper work for a national scheme would be astronomical. It could be unfair to motorists too, for in some areas the authorities are alert, in others lax."

"But in provincial centres like Bath or Gloucester, where they have populations of under 100,000, it might be a feasible proposition."

Essential

Feasible proposition, my foot. I commend the Ministry in Berkeley Square House to study December's wicked road toll. In that month 690 people were killed and 7,080 seriously injured.

The road figures were 13½ per cent more than in December 1957, although the Ministry, attempting to do a bit of whitewashing, estimated that during the same period traffic increased on main roads by 15 per cent.

While people are being killed and injured, and it could easily be you or me — any measure, whatever the paper work involved, must be tried.

I salute the brave, new thinking people of Toronto. And I can see no insuperable reason why their experiment should not be tried in Britain, now and without further delay.

Basil Cardew



HONGKONG

Welles is starring in a new Rank film, "Ferry to Hongkong." Such a situation must not go unrecorded. So the fantastic (but factual) events in Hongkong of late are now written for the China Mail... by DAVID LEWIN:

PART ONE: CRIME IS INSCRUTABLE

IT is midnight on the ferry to Hongkong. As the ship threads its way past the dark clusters of junks, Orson Welles and I stand on deck and listen to a woman's voice on the loudspeaker. It is prim and persistent, like a Girl Guide mistress.

It says: "You are informed on entering Hongkong that if you carry with you either on your person or in your luggage GOLD, SILVER, OPIUM, MORPHINE, HEROIN, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, MEDICINES, TOILET PREPARATIONS, LIQUOR, GUNS OR AMMUNITION you must produce them to the Revenue Officers of the Commerce and Industry Department, who are on duty at the wharf at which this ship docks."

Before we can say anything the announcement is repeated by the same tape-recorded voice — the words cigarettes and toilet preparations getting no more emphasis than heroin or guns.

Orson Welles explodes into a laugh. "This," he says, "is the new Third Man territory. This is where Harry Lime would certainly have come when business grew thin in Vienna."

A new Harry Orson Welles, the star of the film "The Third Man" and the original Harry Lime (remember?), was in Hongkong making a new British film "Ferry to Hongkong" with Curt Jurgens and Sylvia Syms.

Around the coast of China and in Hongkong and Portuguese Macao you cannot miss the activities of the new-style 1950 Third Man... there are dozens of them everywhere.

"Of course," says Orson Welles. "Harry Lime has gone up in the world now and would have a suite at a good-class hotel here and make business appointments through a secretary rather than wait in the cold by the bomb rubble."

"He would still be making fast money: from smuggling illegal immigrants from Communist China... from dealing in dope... from trafficking in gold."

"Wide open" — Hongkong — today — is a free, wide-open city — and, as our ferry boat docks after its four-hour crossing from Macao, Orson Welles stands on deck, surveying the scene in blue suit, open-neck shirt (although it is midnight), hip-length, blue waterproof coat, with two cigars in the top pocket.

He tells me about the manipulators he has known in his time. "There is the White Russian in Rome. He makes a fortune... on the phone. He has no office, no files, he writes no letters, and he has no real home."

The next day I met Orson Welles, and he told me he had been doing some investigation of that black-out.

Anywhere else in the world a light failure would be caused by a breakdown at the transformer — or overloading the circuit or something technical like that.

"Not here," said Orson. "The lights went out because someone had stolen the cable. Just



CURT JURGENS — OUT OF A SINKING SHIP

soup at the end, in candle light because the electricity had failed.

Mr Run Run Shaw apologized for the absence of light — the island, that night.

Black-out

With all this going on, I decided the frontier with China ought to be a fairly exciting stretch of country. It is a zone barred to visitors with Beau Geste forts on strategic hills, and the only place in the world where Britain has a common frontier with a Communist country and the Union Jack flies opposite the Red Flag.

I went up with special permission in an armed police truck. At the railway crossing the Hongkong Chinese police in Metropolitan blue uniforms (and white sleeves) stood aside with Communist guards in brown uni-

forms and white surgical pads over their mouths in the interests of hygiene.

They speak not a word although they patrol alongside one another. "Strictly no fraternizing," said the police superintendent who was my guide.

"That's what makes this the strangest frontier in the world, I suppose. We never talk to the chaps on the other side."

"What happens if you have any problems — or any messages to relay?" I asked.

I am used now to the business of smuggling illegal immigrants from China into Hongkong and calling them "human snakes" (junk saltings nightly; regular fare anything from £10 to £30 a head; luggage in advance and if a British patrol ship nab a junk-load a guaranteed free passage later on.

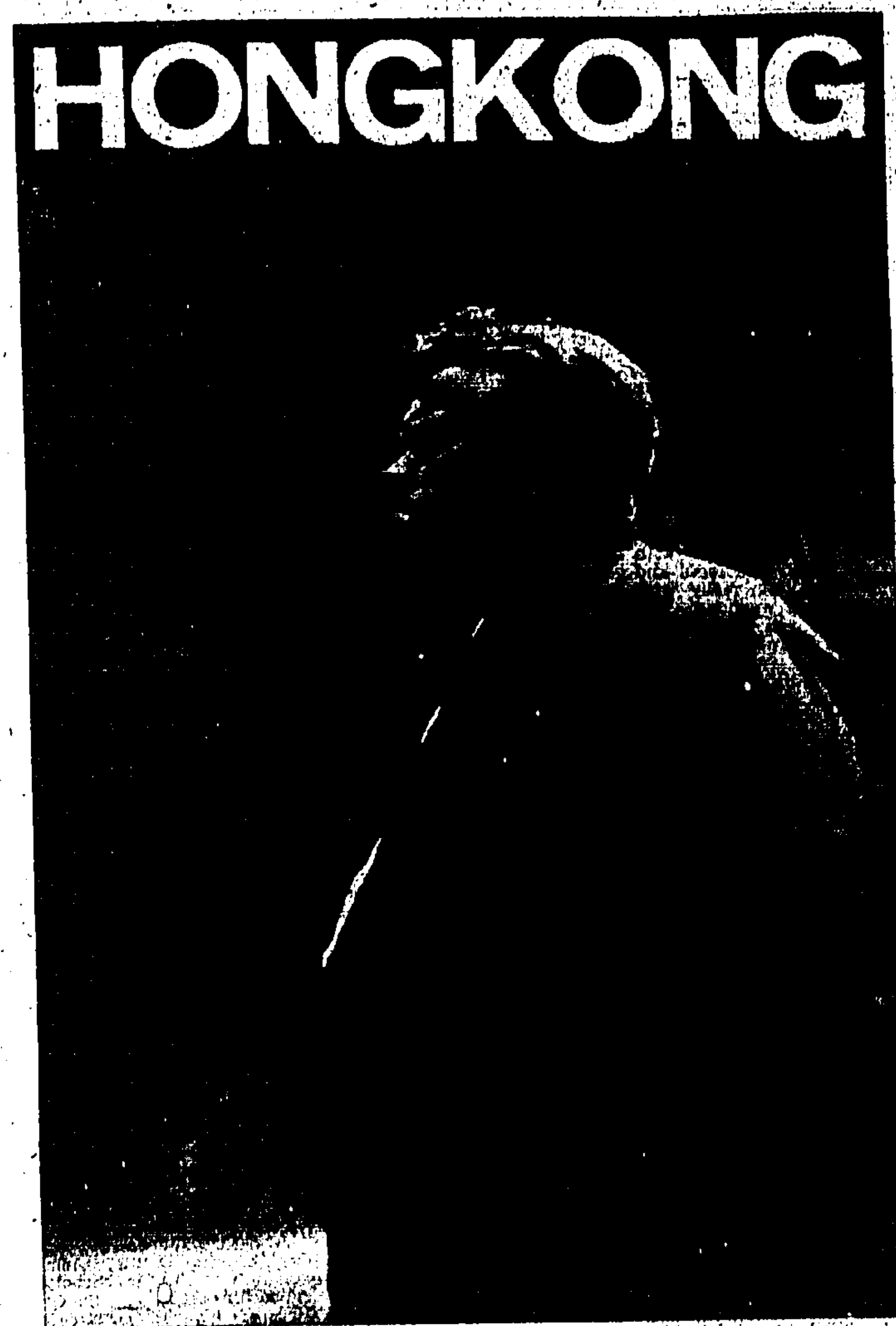
"No frat"

It is all part of the Third Man style. So is the American police request to the Hongkong Customs to search the "Harry Lime" who was pumped into the West Coast of America 270lb. of heroin in the last eight years and raised nearly £700,000 from his sale. (What would the price be on the ferry boat? Requesting that heroin be declared say to that?)

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THIRD MAN IN



The familiar bulk of Orson Welles "breaks new shadows in Asia."

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"No frat"

"Then we go to the Chinese Travel Bureau in town and ask them to pass the word along," said the superintendent. "We always deal with the Chinese Travel Agency."

Then a coolie on a tricycle pedalled over the bridge from China and started loading the stuff into his three-wheeler. He trudged over the bridge and put the crates on to another lorry on the other side. There was a team of coolies of tricycles.

"International coolies we call them," said the police officer. "They just go backwards and forwards over the line taking the goods from one set of lorries to another."

He must have seen my look, because he added: "I suppose it does seem odd—but I did tell you this was an odd frontier."

"At the railway station we have international coolies to carry people's baggage from one train to another. To distinguish them their chaps wear blue hats and our chaps wear red. I suppose that's odd too."

Unsearched

I strolled into the Customs shed. And there was a notice to travellers asking them to be sure and declare cigarettes, aerated water, and patent medicine.

"How about the guns and the gold and the dope?" I said, thinking of the ship's announcement. "Nothing like that here," I was told. "No one smuggles that sort of thing from China."

So I drove back into the Third Man city of Hongkong and then I remembered. Despite that lurid announcement on the ferry boat no one even glanced at the bags of Mr Welles or myself.

Maybe we just don't look sinister enough.

MONDAY:

Welles goes a-shooting

By Paul Norris

BRICK BRADFORD

MY JOB IS TO FIND DRUGS AND TO GO EAST AND HIS RECIPE HERE INDICATES NOTHING BUT THE STATE OF THE WORLD. WE'LL HAVE THAT TOP IN NO TIME!

A SHORT TIME LATER BRICK AND CAGBY, NECALL, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PACIFIC. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US TO GET BACK TO THE STATES? CAGBY: (GRINNING) NOT LONG. (CAGBY AND BRICK LAUGH.)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Are Women Really Fashion Sheep?

JUST how much are women dominated by fashion designers? Do they really jump every time the couturiers crack their whips?

I, for one, do not believe that women are quite as sheepish about their fashions as many people—particularly husbands—believe.

Take the case of shirt-waist dresses. Now, as it happens the French and Italian couturiers featured these in their current collections.

But they were doing no more than confirming a trend which the big retailers had known about for a long time. Even before the collections were shown the major retailers

had their orders in to the manufacturers. And they had put their money on shirt-waist dresses because of popular demand by their Miss Average customers. That the couturiers gave this idea their blessing was no more than an added piece of good luck.

Now the retailers are rubbing their hands and forecasting that shirt-waist dresses will be the selling sensation of the summer.

How is the 1959 version of shirt-waist dresses to be treated? Well, a lot of the emphasis will be on summerbonds and wide belts below gently-bloused bodices.

There will be slim-skirt versions around, but most dresses will be full-skirted with the offset heightened by stiffened under-skirts.

As to fabrics for this style, sailcloth and poplin will vie

with printed cotton in popularity.

Some of these are classically simple affairs in suede, pique and box-calf. Others I've seen are draped or pleated—many of them in pastel shades of lamb-skin.

But even there wide belts—three inches is about average

width—can only help so far in controlling extra inches around the waist.

The couturiers still have to finish the job. Soon you will see in the shops the lightweight but strong, high-rising girdles on which they have been concentrating.

Very much on the way in is the Oriental look in hair-styling. Drawing its inspiration from those exquisite old colour prints of Japanese geisha and actresses, this is an extension of the wide

look. The effect is achieved with full "bangs" covering the ears and the natural hairline and curving to eyebrow level in front.

Much as I like this style, I have one reservation. It is out-of-step with this season's clothes.

Confident forecast: Goodbye to the sloppy look in knitwear. Doubtless the coffee-bar set will stay faithful yet awhile to their shapeless sweaters and Professor Higgins cardigans.

But a preview of new knitwear in London reveals a revival of waist-clinging belts. It also showed that, contrary to wide-spread belief, mohair is not on the way out. In fact, knitwear manufacturers and designers are coming around to the view that mohair is likely to

graduate from being a novelty to becoming a "classic" fabric.

The "disappearing-from-the-scene" department:

Man-style trench coats. An inelegant fashion which made even quiet girls look like fugitives from "Raid".

And coloured—seldom flattering—nylons.

Who says clothes are daring nowadays? When Betsy Patterson, who later married Napoleon's brother Jerome, made her debut in America around 1800, a contemporary diarist recorded of her dress: "Her back, her bosom, part of her waist and her arms were uncovered and the rest of her form visible."

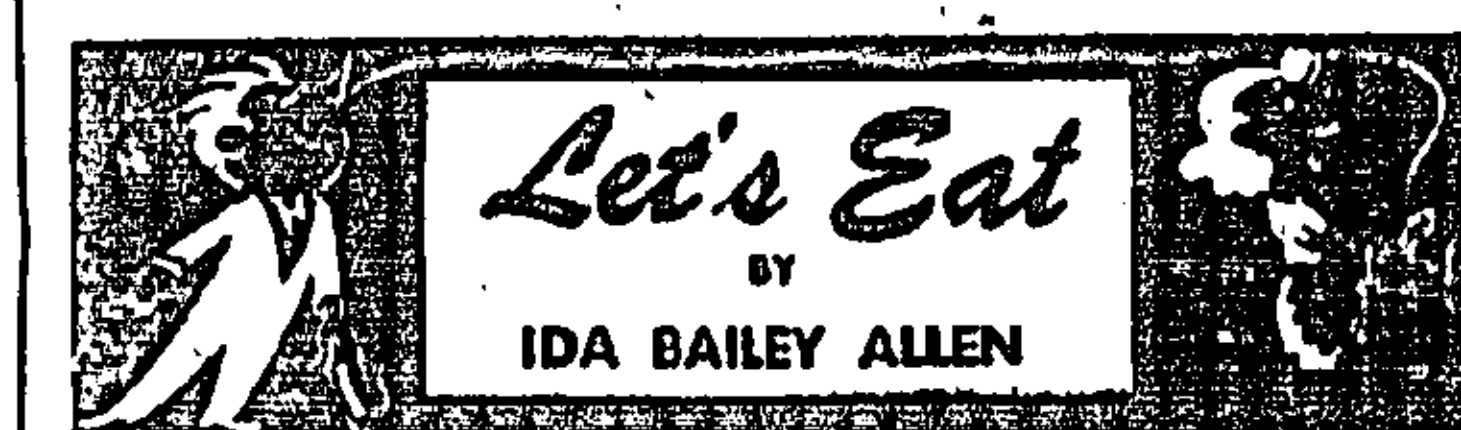
Well! What was she wearing?

Top-Flight Inspiration



By ALICE ALDEN

PLACES as well as eras afford inspiration to designers. John Frederick, for instance, after a trip to Cuba, used the colours and garb of the lovely island for his newest millinery collection. This high toque of tobacco brown felt was adapted, without much deviation, from the hats worn by lottery sellers. It is trimmed with a satin bow, in the same rich brown. The lottery sellers, by the way, make their hats from paper bags!



Ways To Keep Food Hot When Dinner Must Wait

THERE is one problem that confronts many homemakers, Madame," the Chef was saying, "and that is how to keep dinner waiting when guests or the family are late.

"Keeping foods in eatable condition poses no problem for a chef, because he uses a steam table to keep hot foods hot and a refrigerator to keep foods cold.

"However, a similar plan can be adapted at home."

"But few homemakers have steam tables, Chef," I pointed out.

"That is true, Madame, but they can all use a variation of the bain-marie. This is a method, invented by a woman named Marie, for keeping utensils filled with foods hot by standing them in a pan or 'bath' of boiling hot water. The double boiler was inspired by Marie's idea, too.

TIN TRAY USEFUL

"But one can go further and have an oblong tin tray made, about 8 inches deep,

that will fit over two top units of the range, and in which jars or bowls of food can stand to keep hot."

"Many foods can be covered with aluminium foil and be kept hot in a pan of hot water in the oven, Chef," I said.

SUITABLE LIQUID

"Yes, Madame. Also, casseroles of meat, fish or vegetables can stand at low oven heat without drying out if a little hot water, bouillon, milk or other suitable liquid is added about every 20 minutes.

"However, it is impossible to keep broiled meat or fish, fried foods with a crisp crust (such as croquettes or delicate souffles) for the late-comers. All of these must be cooked just before serving."

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Beef-Apple Saladettes
Glazed Picnic Ham
Raisin Sauce
Potato-Onion Escallop
Green Peas
Lemon Float Pie
Coffee or Tea Milk

All measurements are level recipes proportioned to serve 4 to 6

Beef-Apple Saladettes. To the liquid drained from 2 (1 lb.) cans sliced beef, add enough water to make 1 1/2 c. 2 crushed beef bouillon cubes 1/2 c. catsup, 2 drops onion juice, 2 drops Tabasco and 1 tsp. vinegar. Bring to a rapid boil.

To 1/4 c. cold water add 1 envelope unflavoured gelatin. Stir well into the beef liquid. When dissolved, pour into an 8-in. square pan. Refrigerate about 4 hrs. or until firm. Cut in squares. Serve on lettuce with celery mayonnaise.

Lemon Float Pie (Delicate and delicious): The Filling: Blend 5 tbsp. cornstarch with 1/4 c. cold milk. Stir into 1 1/2 c. scalded milk. Cook-stir 2 min. or until the mixture thickens.

Add 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1 1/2 c. sugar, the juice 2 1/2 lemons, the crushed fine-grated rind 1/2 lemon, 1/4 tsp. salt and 3 egg yolks beaten light and mixed with the lemon juice. Half-cool.

To Complete: Line a pie plate with American pie pastry. Dust with 1 tsp. fine dry bread crumbs and press in lightly. Pour in the filling.

Bake 10 min. in a hot oven, 425° F. Then reduce the heat to 375° F. and bake 20 min. longer.

Top with 1/2 cup of meringue made by beating the 3 remaining egg whites with 3 tbsp. sugar until stiff. Bake 10 min. more in a moderate oven, 325° F. Serve cold.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Rub cooked picnic ham with a paste of brown sugar and sweet pickle vinegar. Glaze by baking 20 min.

The Paris Collections



"STENDHALL," a mauve, woollen tailor-made suit worn with a mauve silk blouse. It is from the Paris Collection of Lanvin-Castillo.—Central Pressa Photo.

Parents Can Help Curb Cheating In Classroom

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

THE problem of cheating has always bothered teachers. On the other hand, most parents are usually not greatly concerned, except when the school reports cheating by their own children.

Indeed, some parents have no qualms about doing written work which their children hand in and have graded at school. However, this problem seems to have declined with the growing practice of teachers to grade children only on what they do at school.

HONOUR SYSTEM TRIED

A few decades ago, some schools and colleges thought they had found a cure for cheating in the much-touted honour system.

In this, each student wrote on his test paper: "I have neither received nor given any help."

But since it was easy to write such statements without any qualms of conscience, the honour system seems to have disappeared. Teachers now try to take the responsibility for making that their students can't easily cheat at examinations.

Very little data, there's still a good deal of cheating.

Summarizing such surveys last year, Philip E. Jacobs of the University of Pennsylvania reported that frequent cheating was admitted by 40 per cent or more of college students "often with no apology or sense of wrongdoing."

The classic study of May and Hartshorne, made during the thirties, showed very few children to be invariably honest or dishonest. They found no special relationship between moral knowledge and conduct. But they did find that, in a classroom of friendly relations between teacher and pupils, cheating occurred less often.

PARENTS' ROLE

While no parents cannot morally justify cheating, we might get farther if we tried to help our children see that, in the long run, a person will have more self-respect when he relies on himself, when he wins rewards only for his own efforts.

When we parents help the child with home assignments, let's aim to help him so that he will be better able to help himself. When we actually do work that is to be handed in and graded, let us write on the paper just what part of it we did.

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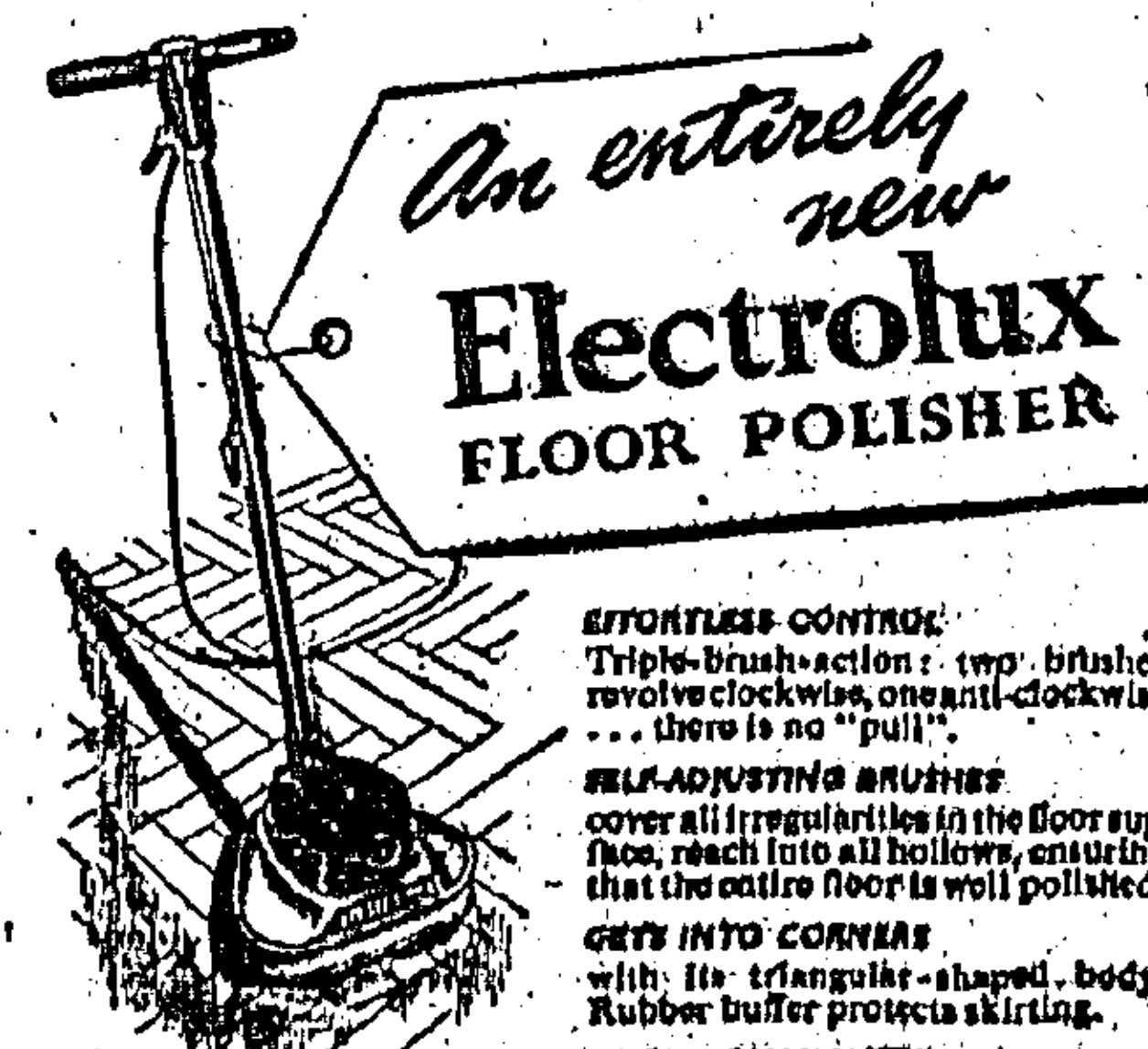
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Short Cuts Flattering For Variety Of Reasons

By JEANNE D'ARCY

IS long hair more glamorous than short? Most teens seem to think so, but it's not always the case. It depends on a girl's features, the shape of her face, the quality of her hair. We've seen some teens who wear hair long but would be far more attractive with a short cut.

SHORT CUT NEEDED

If your face is full, if your hair tends to grow thick as well as long, then a short cut's advisable. By the same token, if you have a delicate face, you can spoil its charm by burying it under a mop of hair.

Very often, says a famed New York stylist, a short cut is advisable because it can do several things:

1. Emphasize the beauty of a lovely head contour.
2. Slim the look of a full face.
3. Focus attention on delicate features.
4. In the case of an older woman, be far more youthful.

VARIED STYLES

Short cuts vary in style, of course, so there's something to please everyone.

The current trend is toward short cuts that offer fullness at the top of the head or at back. Some have tall bangs—a good bet for the high forehead—and others feature wispy bangs that soften the forehead line in a feminine way but don't cut its length.



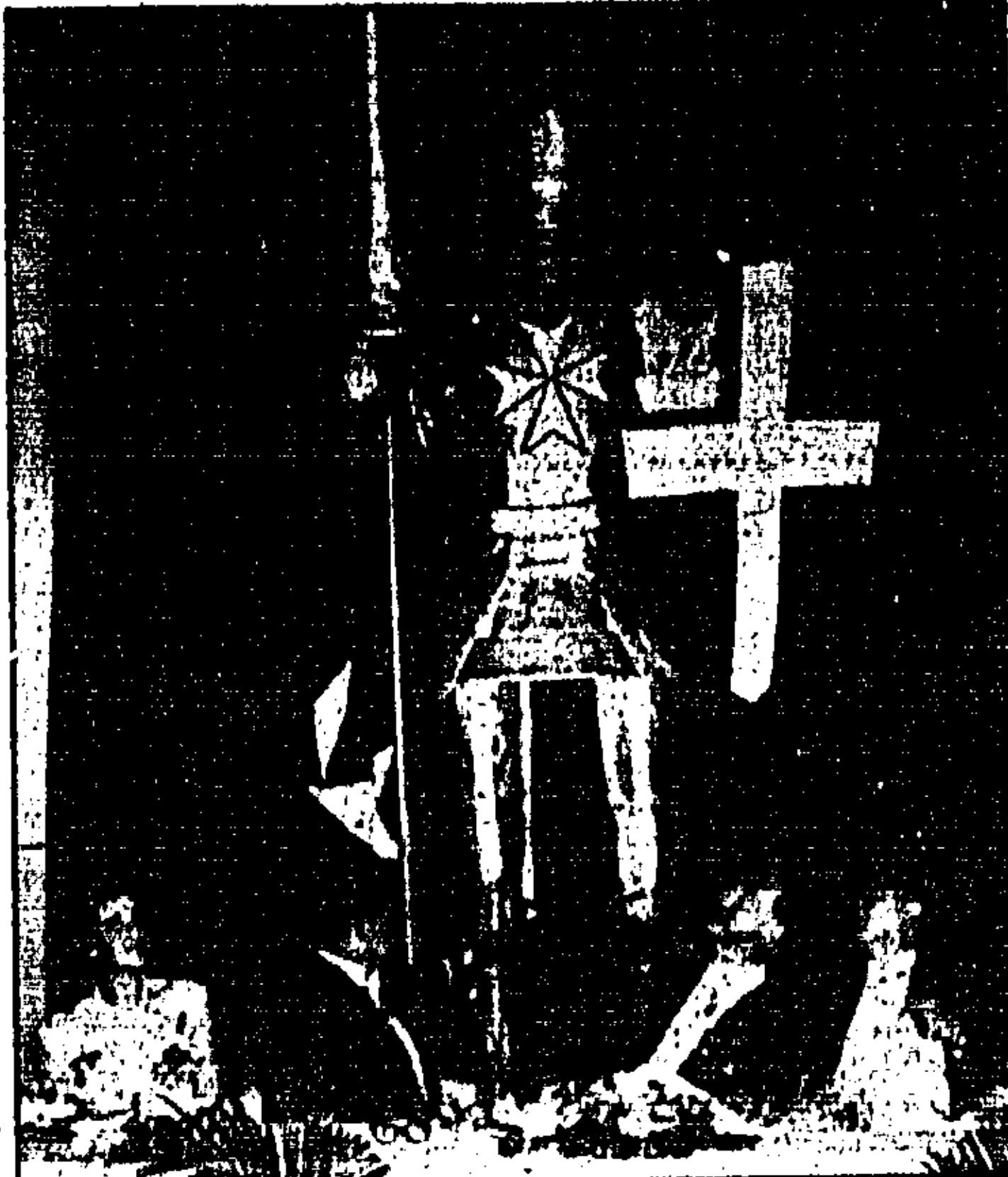
HIGH AT FRONT; bouffant at back (the new hairdo emphasizes a lovely head contour, focuses attention on bright eyes).



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs G.E. Mardon (right) greet the Hon. Kwok Chan and Mrs Kwok Chan during a farewell party for the Mardons recently.

★

RIGHT: Diminutive Manda Ng, her feet swinging inches above the floor, does her bit at the start of the 11th Annual Schools Musical Festival on Tuesday at Queen Elizabeth School.



ABOVE: Gazing admiringly at a model of a St John's Knight in full armour are (l-r) Lady Black, the Hon. Michael Turner, H.E. the Governor and the Hon. Kwok Chan during the annual ball of the St John Ambulance Association and Brigade at the Peninsula Hotel.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Mr Wang Ah-mo, left, foreman fitter of Henry Hope & Sons, Ltd., was presented with a gold watch recently by Mr J. E. H. Galt, export sales manager of the Company in Malaya. Mr Wong was engaged by the Company in 1922.

★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Mr D.R. Holmes, District Commissioner, New Territories, chats with Mr H.N. Harilola, during a luncheon when the Kowloon Rotary Club was host to a large number of village elders from the New Territories.

★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Mr W. R. K. Collings (right) inspects a clock presented to him on the occasion of his retirement from the Marine Department recently. Mr Collings, who has been with the Department for 25 years, was Assistant Director of Marine. On left is seen Mr A. G. Parker, Director of Marine.



★
ABOVE: Because of rain a procession on the Feast of Our Lord of Passos was held inside the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Sunday. The procession was organised by the Confraternity of Our Lord Dos Passos.

★

LEFT: Mr A. L. Nery, of BOAC, presents a bouquet to beautiful actress Sylvia Sims when the star of "Ferry to Hongkong" boarded an aircraft at Kai Tak for London last Thursday.

★

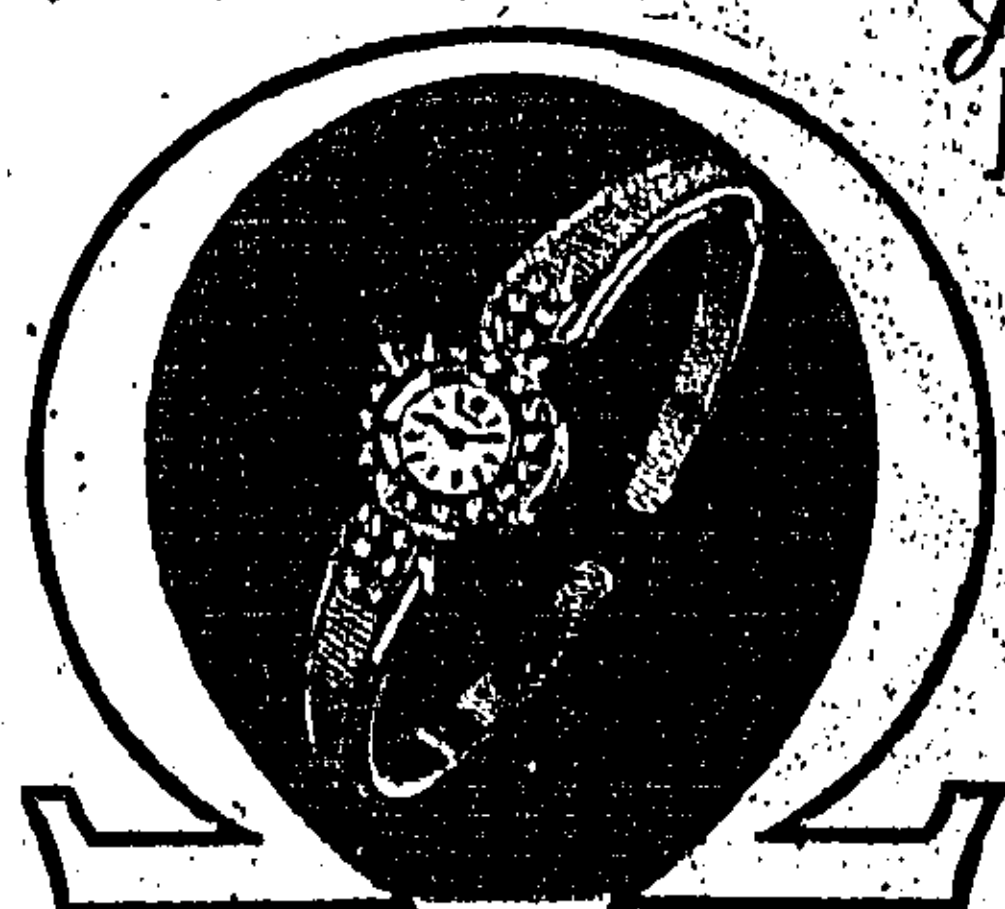
BELOW: A shot by our photographer of dancing couples who attended the Y's Men's gala dance at the Miramar Hotel last Friday.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Mr J.R. Mullion, a Director of Williamson and Co., Ltd., left by Swissair recently for Zurich on a combined business and pleasure trip. Seen (l-r) are: Mr M.J. Muspratt - Williams, Director of Civil Aviation (who was at the tarmac to see him off), Mrs Mullion, Roderick Mullion, Mrs D. Merrifield (governess), Stuart Mullion and Mr Mullion.

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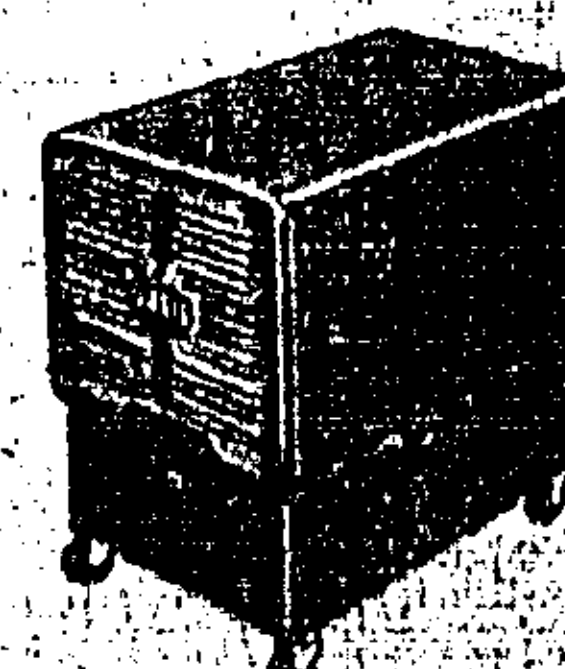


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ABOVE: Lady Black (right) admires a painting when arriving at Lady Ho Tung Hall recently to attend a "High Table" function. She is escorted by Mrs. Mary Visick, Warden of the Hall.

★

RIGHT: Mr Jack Sloan presents a trophy to T. Robson of St George's School, after the conclusion of the first annual cross country race sponsored by the Hongkong School Sports Association last Friday.



ABOVE: Little David Alexander, infant son of Mr and Mrs Eugene F. Yourloff, poses for the CHINA MAIL photographer in his mother's arms shortly after his christening at the Union Church in Kowloon. Clutching his father's hand is Timothy Yourloff.



ABOVE: Mrs. Margaret Sanger (right), world pioneer and publicist on birth control, chats with Mrs. Violet Chan during a reception in her honour by the Family Planning Association in Wanchai recently.

BELOW: Mr. Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin (right), is greeted at Kai Tak Airport by Mr. Hilton Cheong-leon who presented him with a bilingual declaration of support from the Hongkong United Nations Association. In centre is Miss Betty Kough.



ABOVE: Mr. A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police, takes his last salute at a Police passing-out parade before retiring last Saturday. He said later: "I'm fully satisfied that there is no falling off in the qualities for which we aim in the Police Force..."

★

LEFT: Mr. Li Lou, right, being presented recently with a Long Service Testimonial and a gold watch by Mr. H.G. Swithenbank, Assistant General Manager NAAFI and Manager, Overseas Canteen Service, after some 30 years' employment with NAAFI in Hongkong.

★

BELOW: Mrs. E. C. Fincher opening a classroom given to the Diocesan Girls' School by the Diocesan Old Girls' Association last Saturday, when the School's Centenary Buildings were declared open by the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education.



ABOVE: Three art teachers from the Education Department (l-r), Mr. John Hadfield, Mr. Michael Griffith and Mr. John Warner, who are giving a joint exhibition of their works, at the British Council Library.



BELOW: Led by the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjoo (third from right), the Hongkong delegation to the Melbourne trade fair left by air for Australia recently. The delegates are seen here with well-wishers shortly before departure.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann Why Kay Kendall said No

**SHE WAS GIVEN A £50,000 PART—BUT
SAID 'I WON'T STAY IN LONDON'**

WHAT lies behind the extraordinary, last-minute decision to switch the filming of the new Yul Brynner picture *Once More, With Feeling* from London to Paris?

It is a move which has surprised show business—for producer-director Stanley Donen had already announced that this £1,000,000 picture was to be made in British studios.

The film—revolving around a celebrated but temperamental orchestra conductor and his harpist wife and set originally in Chicago—was specially re-written by author Harry Kurnitz and given a British locale so that Donen could make it in Britain.

A headache

Now, at fantastic expense, the entire picture is being moved to Paris. Which means that all the British trappings will have to be taken over—taxi, cars, phones, clothes, furniture.

And, of course, actors. Donen, the brilliant, 34-year-old director of such successes as *Seven Bridges* and *On the Town* and *Indiscreet*, said the other day:—

"The decision to move to Paris has given me a real headache. It has put production costs up by at least £100,000—to say nothing of the enormous problems involved in making a film about England in Paris."

Why has it been done? Why is the film no longer to be made in Britain?

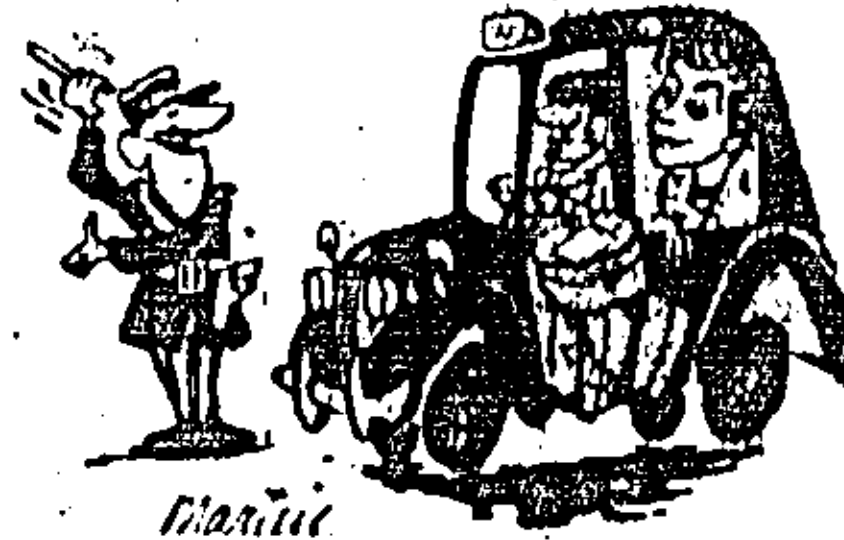
To find the reason we must look to Mr. Brynner's co-star—the long-stemmed girl with the rocking-horse face, Miss Kay Kendall.

It's fantastic

She is getting, I am informed, £50,000 for this picture—a far cry from the peanuts she collected from her first big success, *Genevieve*.

And she has, quite firmly, refused to make the picture in Britain.

It is a fantastic situation, one without precedent so far as an English actress is concerned.



one day after the tax year began. He leaves at his close.

Miss Kendall, the ever-loving wife, sees no future in staying in Britain to make a film after Rex has gone. Nor, understandably, is she keen to be caught for a lot of tax herself.

So she has delivered an ultimatum to Donen: "If you want me in your picture—make it in Paris."

And Mr. Donen, an ashen smile on his handsome face, has agreed.

Worth it

He told me: "It's given me a packet of trouble, but I think she's worth it. In fact, I can't visualise another actress in the part. To me the combination of Brynner and Kendall is exciting casting. My main concern is to make a good picture."

What of Miss Kendall, who has shot up to the top rank of women stars after only two major pictures—*Les Girls* and *The Reluctant Debutante*?

"If I want to make a film in the middle of Clapham Common for 48 hours—it's nobody's business but mine," she said.

And hung up.

The sensitive censor...

In *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* there is a line where Curt Jurgens asks Ingrid Bergman: "Could you love a man of mixed blood?"

Replies Bergman: "I would consider it an honour."

An innocuous enough line, you might think. But not to race-conscious South Africa.

There the censor has seized the scene completely.

(London Express Service).



SO SVELTE...BUT SPAGHETTI IS OUT!

Since she went to Hollywood, that buxom Italian beauty Sophia Loren has slimmed down many pounds—and it is a New Look Loren we shall see when her latest picture, *'That Kind of Woman'*, is shown here. One thing is certain—to achieve her present svelte figure she cut out her favourite dish... spaghetti.

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

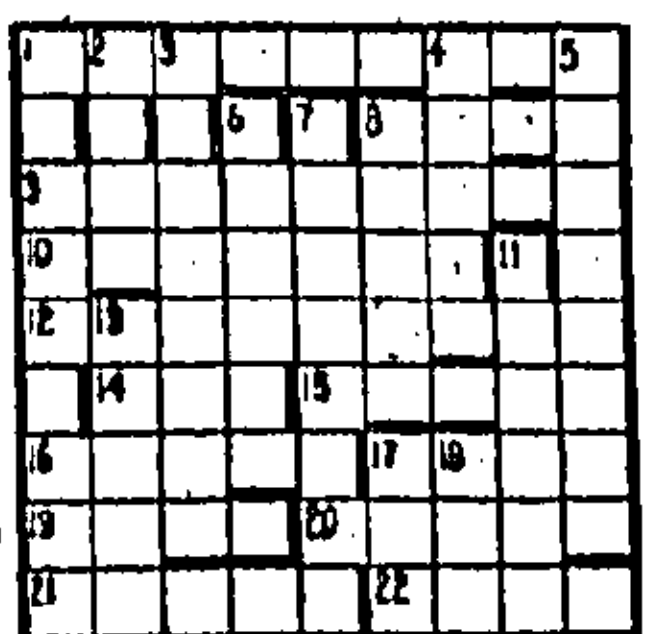
IF ever the proceedings in the House of Commons were televised, the parties would soon have to select actresses and singers as candidates.

A public outcry would force this innovation, and only for their favourite entertainers would the electors consent to vote. Judging by what goes on in the Commons at present, and by reports of what goes on in the television world, it seems that the House would gain in monumental vulgarity what it would lose in complacent stupidity.

Vox ex machina

SOMEBODY must have tampered with the tape-recorder inside the talkative weighing machine installed by a Nottingham chemist. A man who mounted the platform and put in his penny was greeted by a voice saying: "Good morning, Fatty! You're in for a shock, my mountainous friend." After that there was a running commentary of jest and insult while the indicator moved up on the dial. When it halted at 155.4 lb., the voice said: "One arrowroot biscuit per day for you, my lad!" The next customer was a lady built rather for comfort than speed. The voice said: "Good morning to all of you, madam, from the machine and me. Tread delicately or you'll break the whole boobdee."

CROSSWORD



- Across
1. Boat or burden. (4-5)
2. Opera singer. (4)
3. Hello girl's equipment. (9)
10. Deeds. (7)
12. Disiplinary. (9)
14. Fish eggs. (3)
15. Italian tale. (3)
16. Property deed. (5)
17. Short-handed spade. (4)
18. Cornish mine. (5)
20. Polish. (3)
21. Wooden shoe. (5)
22. Bacon partner. (4)
Down
1. Introduction. (9)
2. Flag. (1, 3)
3. Not exactly the queen's night. (9, 10)
4. Wash out. (10)
5. New York district. (4, 5)
6. Laces. (1)
7. Most de. (1)
8. Italian lady. (10)
9. A prelude. (10)
10. Circus ring. (10)
11. The last. (10)
12. A. (10)
13. animal. (10)
London Express Service.

Who would have thought it?

A MORAVIAN artist named Polonick Swetter has created a sensation with a still-life picture called "Watercress." The bunches of watercress are so lifelike that an art critic approached the canvas and tweaked them. To his surprise he found that they were bunches of real watercress stuck to the canvas. Swetter explained that this method was a realist protest against abstract art. "It is a new angle," he said.

TARGET

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square each containing a letter? Each word must contain the letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one letter word in the square. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper names, and no words of more than four letters. A word is good if it is a word in the dictionary. A word is excellent if it is a word in the dictionary and is also a word in the dictionary. A word is perfect if it is a word in the dictionary and is also a word in the dictionary.

WEEKEND Friell



"Of course this isn't quite the Macmillan Plan but it's very promising."



"How about springing an election while the PM's away? Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that."



"Jenkins! Jenkins! Remember what the committee said about the therapeutic value of toys."

NORTH		20
▲ J975		
▼ 52		
▲ 983		
▲ 6543		
WEST (D)		EAST
▲ 10842		▼ QJ1064
▼ AK63		▲ AQ1042
▲ KJ7		▲ 102
▲ 9		
SOUTH		
▲ AKQ6		
▼ 7		
▲ AKQJ87		
Both vulnerable		
West	North	East
1▼	Pass	4▲
Pass	Pass	5▲
Double	Pass	Pass
Opening lead	Pass	Pass

he had shifted to a diamond he would have beaten the hand but the possibility of a concealed club suit had not occurred to him and he continued the hearts.

Bea ruffed with the queen of trumps. She played the ace and king and when East showed out it was a simple matter to finesse against West's ten spot. Dummy's last trump allowed Bea to get rid of one of her losing diamonds and while she had to lose one diamond at the finish her contract was safe.

Simple, but quite a nice result when you consider that East and West were cold for their five hearts.

CHARD'S

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1♥ Pass 2♥ Pass
4♥ Pass 5♥ Pass
5♥

You, South, hold:
▲ AQ763 ♠ 8 AKQJ54

What do you do?

A—Pass. You are willing to let your opponents play this contract but a double would be bad percentage.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 2♥ Pass
4♥ Pass 5♥ Pass
5♥

You, South, hold:
▲ AQ763 ♠ 8 AKQJ54

What do you do?

Answer on Monday.

THIS is the Gin

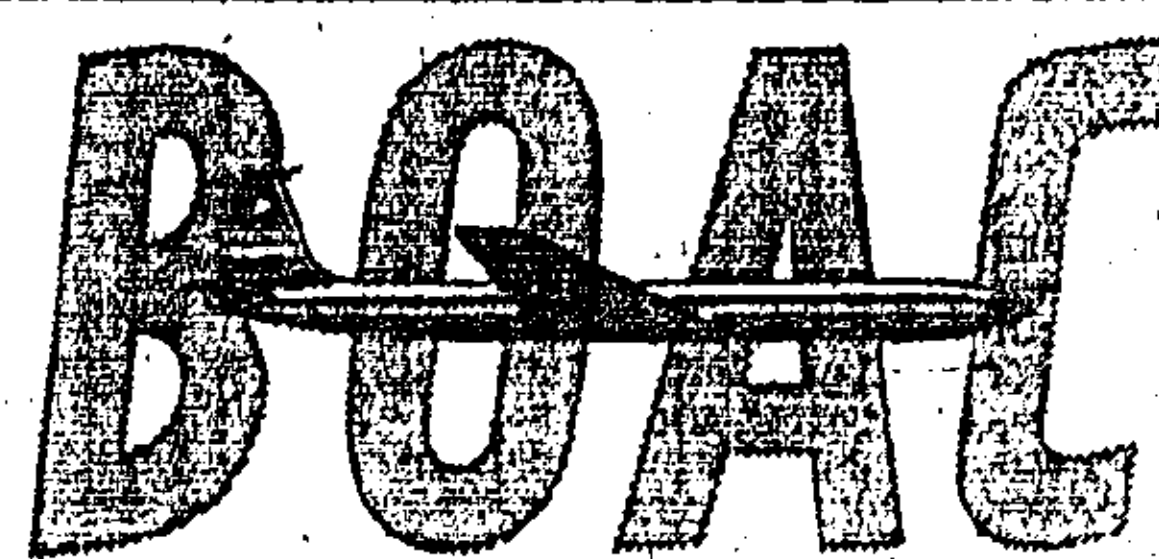


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BOOK PAGE

... examines the story of a strange masquerade

The Army blushed—its general was a woman

IN 1865 a raging heatwave and antiquated drainage had combined to foster an epidemic that swept all London. With the determined thoroughness of a new broom it swept Marylebone in particular.

by DEE WELLS

Deaths—especially in that borough—mounted daily. Three hundred and one people died that first week in July. But had luck it was then—but not surprising—that one of the epidemic's victims should be the frail, elderly gentleman who had recently taken up lodgings in Marylebone at 14, Margaret Street.

Staff Surgeon McKinnon readily made out the death certificate. Sadly, because not only had he been physician in charge of what he knew to be a hopeless case, but also because he had been a long-time friend of the old gentleman.

With his quill pen, he wrote "Army Medical Department" on the envelope, and posted the official notification of the death "at 4 a.m. on July 25 of age" had, indeed, died.

Nor was it very surprising that the old gentleman's death should cause so little stir. He had never married—there was no widow to mourn him, no

relatives flocked to his death-bed. Apparently, he had been just another old gentleman living out his retirement alone. He had died his death alone, and no left behind no more articles, late survivors than a small white dog and a large black manservant.

Sad, perhaps. But common enough. Nothing surprising about it. As no one claimed his body, a local woman was called in to prepare it for burial.

It was she who burst the bombshell that shattered for all time the quiet disinterest surrounding the life and death of Dr Barry. For she had no sooner set about her task than she stormed from the room to demand:

"What do you mean calling me in to lay out a general? This is no general—it is a woman! A woman, moreover, who has borne a child!"

All Britain was aghast at this fantastic disclosure. The Inspector-General a woman? "He" had been in the Army for 50 years. "He" couldn't be a woman.

But he was a woman. Once this had been confirmed, the Army blushed as lobster-red as its tunics, and there began a near-century of speculation and investigation into the life of Dr Barry.

WHERE had she come from, this flamboyant impostor?

WHO was she really? WHY did she choose to masquerade as a man?

How had she got into the Army at all? Once she had, how could she live a lifetime in garrisons, barracks, military posts and hospitals without once being found out?

GAPS REMAIN

These questions will probably never be more satisfactorily answered than they are in THE STRANGE STORY OF DR JAMES BARRY (Longmans, 12s. 6d.).

With first-time access to the War Office's secret "Barry papers," author Isabel Rae has investigated every shred of information and evidence. She has pieced the scraps together painstakingly, and it makes a meagre quilt. Large gaps in the mystery remain.

Nothing at all, for example, is known of James Barry until 1800 when, already masquerading as a boy, she enters as a medical student at Edinburgh University.

Apart from an "aunt," a Mrs Bulkeley, and an "uncle," a struggling R. A. artist also named James Barry, there is no trace whatsoever of her family.

At the university, the tiny, oft-tail student kept very much to herself, and seemed intent only on working hard at her studies. Undeniably a gifted pupil, she took a brilliant degree, and launched herself into the world.

Deliberately she chose the hardest medical career of all—military service. A career, obviously, that entailed the necessity of concealing her sex from everyone for ever.

Desperate for doctors, the Army was delighted that the brilliant young Dr Barry should wish to enlist.

A physical exam? One can hear her say: "My dear chap, no need for that! Women are just too big here."

Dr Barry signed willingly. She was handed her commission, and shortly received orders to report to the garrison at Cape Town to take up duties as assistant surgeon.

SO FOPPISH

In Cape Town, both sides of the astonishing little doctor's dual personality emerged. Essentially feminine in manner as well as voice and stature, she delighted in splendid uniforms. Cockily she strutted into the best Cape Town society decked out in absurdly foppish tunics dripping gold braid, trousers so tight she could scarcely sit down, and tiny boots with three-inch lifts and ludicrous spurs.

"Dyed a riotous red, her hair was crisply curled and somewhat longer than was fashionable. If possible, her accessories were even more bizarre: a be-plumed cocked hat, an elaborate dress sword as long as she was tall, and "Psyche," the first of a series of minuscule white dogs tenderly tucked under her arm.

She stood out like a beacon. But it was a foppish age. Lace cuffs on a uniform were more to be envied than censured.

Cape Town hostesses were entranced with their new and perfect extra man. Dr Barry was witty at table—and, as "he" never drank, "he" never passed out under the table.

Dr Barry could be counted on to dance gracefully or flirt gallantly with the society ladies. "He" got on splendidly with the fat cat matrons. Dr Barry was, in fact, a great social success. Dr Barry knew it and revelled in it.

But Dr Barry had a far more serious, more masculine side.

She might dance all night but she worked—and worked hard—all day. Very quickly she acquired a reputation not only as an excellent surgeon, but also as an enlightened reformer.

With the ferocity of 20 tigers she plied herself against entrenched officialdom and the status quo. She wrote outspoken reports by the room, and ran an heroic single-handed campaign to better the squalidly miserable living conditions of prison inmates and lepers.

Her shrill little piping voice insistently demanding reform may have irritated many a righteous man and committee—but it got results.

THE RUMOURS

Her Cape Town assignment was typical. Wherever she went—Canada, St. Helena, Trinidad—the pattern was the same.

She never lost her delight in ornate dress. She always had a little white dog. She was always a great social success with some—and anathema to others.

More astute folk remarked how "curious" or "curiously feminine" she was—but no one ever even suspected her. She never confided in anyone, about either her parentage or true sex.

Only once did she allow herself the luxury of truly feminine caprice. She turned up in London, without leave, when she should have been on duty at St. Helena.

The Army demanded an explanation. She tossed the red curls and said: "I have come to have my hair cut."

Whatever the Army thought, they apparently decided such searing madness must be humoured. If they said anything, it wasn't more than "Oh."

He career continued to flourish, and with the Medical Service's equivalent of the rank of major-general, Dr Barry retired in 1859.

After her death, rumours took root and grew. Old soldiers suddenly acquired after-the-fact wisdom and harumphed from their club chairs that they had always been on to her secret.

Some "knew" even more—claimed a mysterious powerful "influence" had always protected her from exposure because she was the illegitimate offspring of an English nobleman.

Her father, they said, was the Prince Regent himself. Or his brother, the Duke of York. Or at the very least, the Earl of Buchan (who had, true enough,

shamelessly befriended her during her early student days).

Then there was the mystery of her baby.

Where—or for that matter, whose—was it? When did she have it?

Above all, why had she chosen to spend her life masquerading as a man?

WHAT A PITY!

In those days, female physicians were an undreamed-of thing. It is arguable that a horridly ill girl, determined to be a doctor, might conceivably pass herself off as a boy to realise her ambition.

But why compound her difficulties irretrievably and for ever by joining the Army?

These questions just haven't any answers.

And what a pity the peppy little doctor can't peep down from her bi-sexual heaven and see what a complete success her hoax has been.

So many times in that long military career she must have looked around—at table in the garrison mess, perhaps, or on a crowded troopship or in the male exclusivity of an operating theatre—and aily thought: "You don't know, do you, who I really am?"

For the joke of it is—they still don't.

The Punch Behind Sinatra's Hits

By LEONARD FEATHER

Top American Jazz writer: Guest critic this week

New York

SOME have called him the man who brought Frank Sinatra back. Some say he is the power behind Nat "King" Cole.

Nelson Riddle, a tall, 37-year-old music arranger from Oradell, New Jersey, is both of these. And much more.

Quiet, bashful, and affable, he helped to shape the careers of several of America's best name bands in the 1940's, serving as trombonist and arranger in the orchestras of Jerry Wald, Charlie Spivak, and Tommy Dorsey.

"Frank and I got together at Capitol records in Hollywood," he told me. "That was in 1953. I had worked there for Nat Cole."

SENSUOUS

(He created two of Nat's biggest-selling arrangements, "Too Young" and "Mona Lisa.")

The partnership proved immediately profitable. Riddle's music had a smooth, soft sensuousness when the ballad mood was required; a bold, brash beat—on up tempos.

Together, Sinatra and Riddle have fashioned dozens of hit records, the best known being "Young at Heart" and several

best-selling albums, notably "Songs for Swingin' Lovers." Is Sinatra hard to work for? "Not at all," says Riddle, "and when he wants to get something done he makes himself available, fast."

SO QUICK

How much of a musician is Frankie? "First rate. He either has a very quick ear or some working knowledge, because he is good as reads music."

"If Frank has an idea for a song he'll outline it to me and I'll work out the routine. Or sometimes he just says 'Go' and leaves everything to me."

Does he waste time or "blow up" on recording sessions? "It depends," says Riddle, "what shape he is in and how hard the song is and many other factors."

"I remember one 'Auntie' made 'Day in, Day out' for which we had to make 30 'takes' before we got a usable one."

"This doesn't mean he had difficulty in singing it. It simply means he is a perfectionist."

(London Express Service)

Life With Father—On The Grand Scale

By RICHARD LISTER

POSITION AT NOON. By Eric Linklater. Cape. 15s.

MR LINKLATER has found an ingenious pattern for his new novel, which, with a pleasantly light touch, traces the history of a family back from the present day to its foundation in the early eighteenth century.

The sins of each of the fathers of the line are visited on the sons, each son at his end contributing his failure in life to his father's weaknesses.

The contemporary Vanburgh, having sunk his gratuity in an unprofitable antique business, surveys his prospects gloomily. A bankrupt business, a relatively mistress, a mournful wife, two uninteresting boys, and an announced on the way that morning. How, he wonders, through the haze of a hang-over, has he sunk to this? It was all his father's fault.

And so we embark on the exploration of his genealogy in a series of little biographies where early success always seems to disintegrate into disaster.

His father was a gallant, prosperous young man of the Rupert Brook generation who went into the 1914-18 war in a spirit of high idealism and came out of it in one of low disillusionment.

The grandfather was a popular and successful officer in Edwardian India, quite unjustly

accused of abandoning a British Residency out of cowardice. The great-grandfather was a Victorian amateur of science who made himself and his family ridiculous by looking for tails on the females of the species in pursuit of proof positive of Darwin's theory.

Down the line

A Regency rake with a passion for handling the ribbons; a minor poet of the turn of the nineteenth century who meddled in the private lives of the Lake poets; a volunteer against the American rebels who got himself captured at Bunker's Hill; these bring us on to the originator of the line, Moses Vanburgh, a founding who, in a great age of expansion, climbed via the East India Company to a fortune and an earldom.

Mr Linklater handles his theme and its variations richly and with variations richly. The great-grandfather catches the sense of its period nicely, and the little life histories are each given a neat and deadly ironic twist.

(London Express Service)

FICTION... by Jocasta Innes

● THE MAN WITH TWO SHADOWS. Robin Marshall. Longmans. 12s. 6d. A psychological thriller about the mental phenomenon known as "dissociation of personality." While engaged on security work in the Middle East, Peter becomes aware of "Tommy," his ruthless alter ego. Harrowing adventures ensue before the final merger of Peter/Tommy in a lonely Sussex cottage. Improbable perhaps but cleverly handled.

● ANECDOTES OF DESTINY. Erik Dinesen. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. Woven round the theme of destiny and the inexplicable in human behaviour, these sophisticated fairy stories by a distinguished Danish author make their point delicately, but with a bland irony and psychological penetration. Velvet glove-writing, but with muscles of steel.

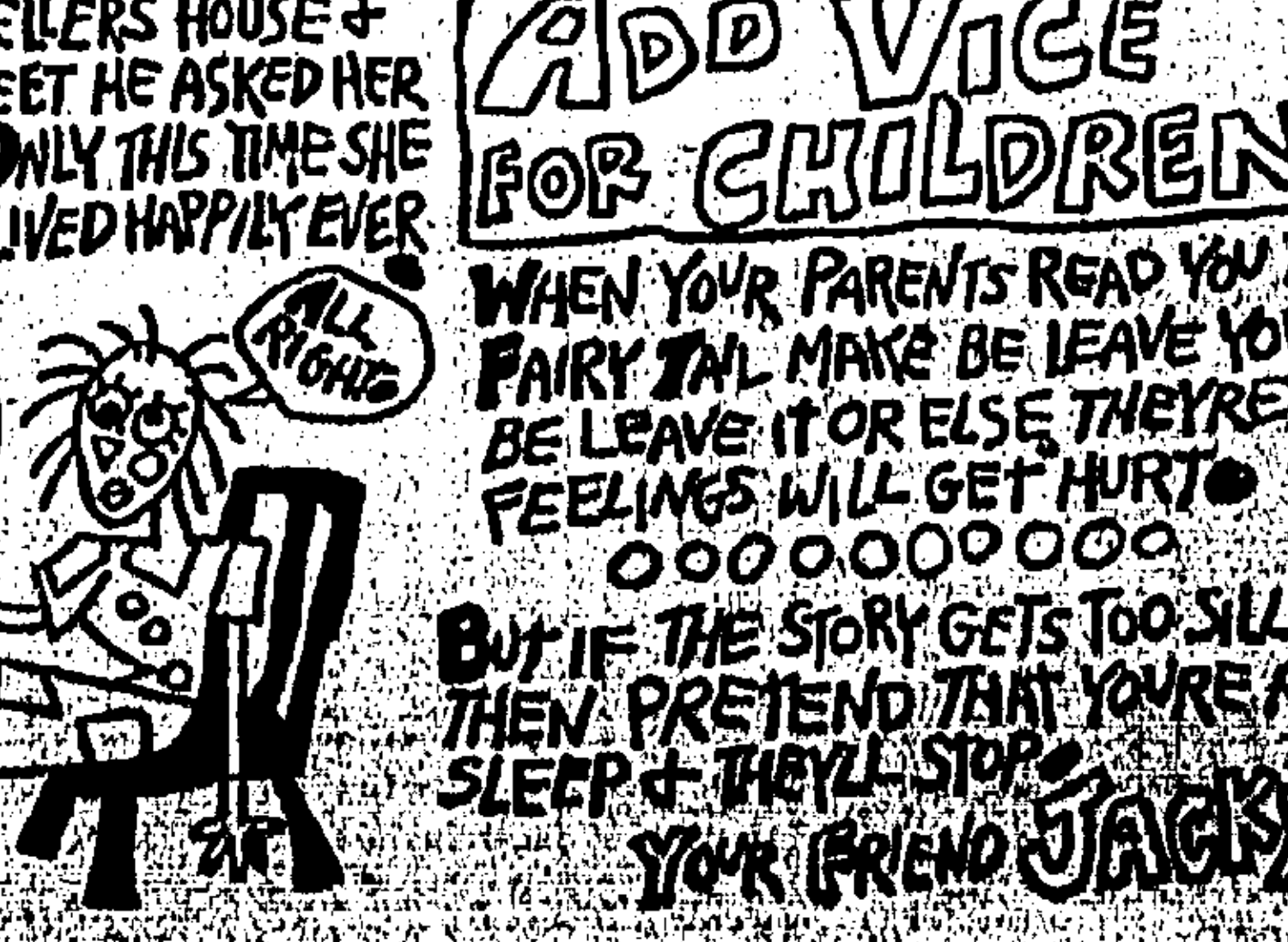
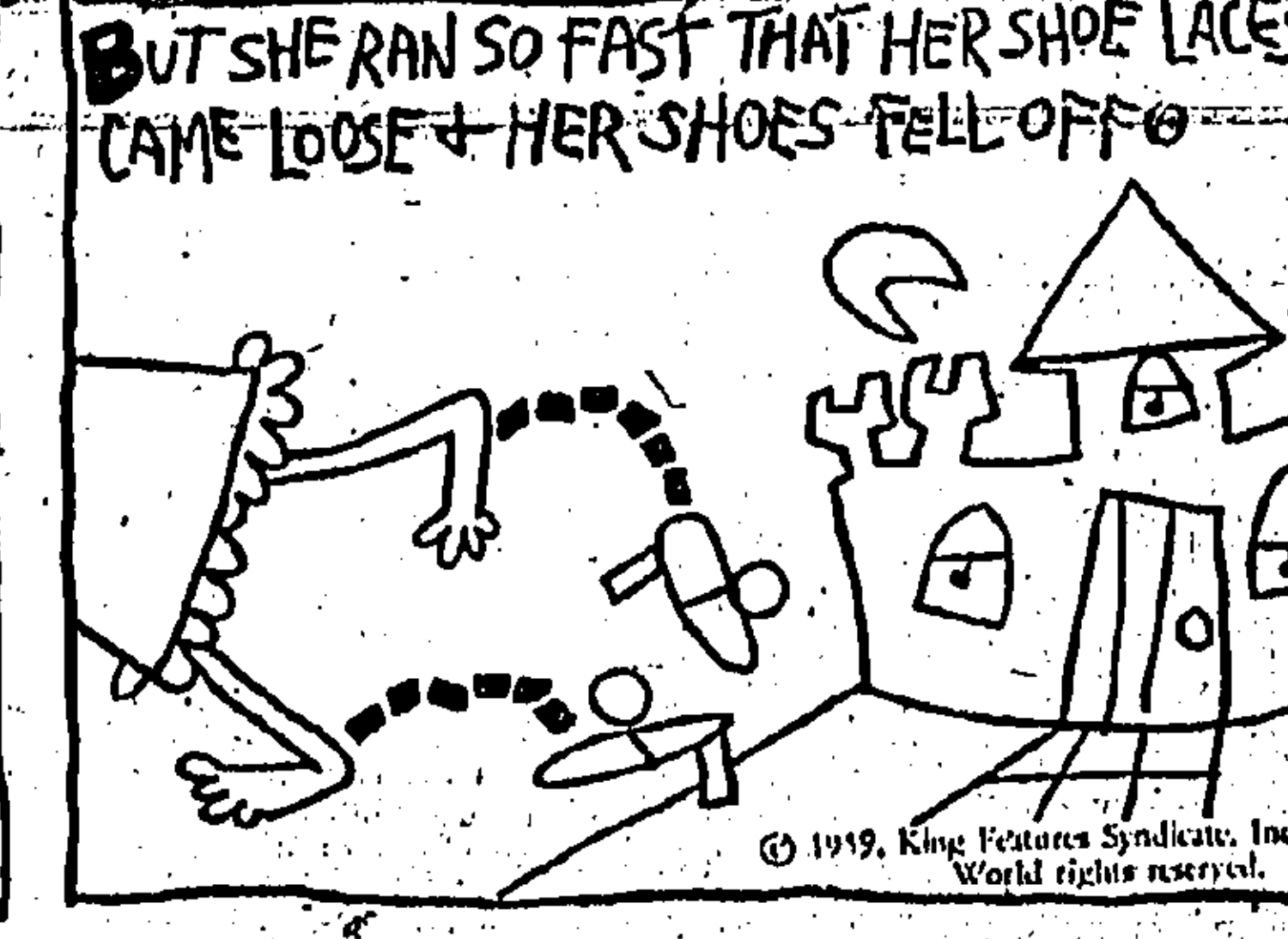
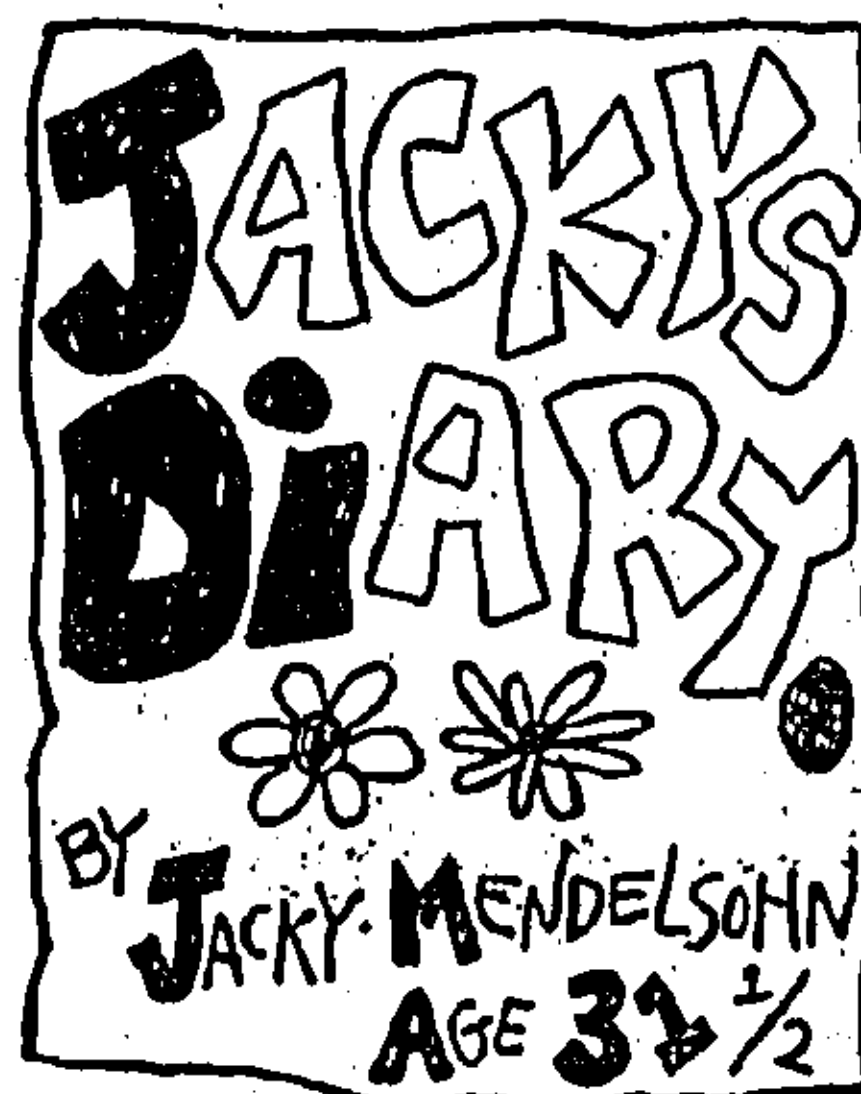
● END OF A WAR. Edward Leggett. Average American in fantasy, legend in Normandy in 1944 innocent of the business of war. In learning about war

his first battle, his first killing—he learns about himself. Sprightly written, circumstantial as a diary, this book eschews blood-and-mud heroics to underline the futility and meaninglessness of organised massacre.

● THE WEATHER FAMILY. Edgar Mittelholzer. Secker and Warburg. 18s. As the shadow of a hurricane looms large over the Barbados Islands everyone, including the already eccentric Larch family, goes slightly berserk. The atmosphere becomes electric with tensions, frustrations and misunderstandings, building up to a wild, hilarious climax the night the hurricane descends. A mellow concoction of humour, sex and wisdom which should please Mittelholzer fans.

● THE SHOUTING DIES AWAY. Jean Dumas. Longmans. 12s. 6d. Leonardo in a "small" Maltese boy, Ciriaco, bull. This is the tender, touching story of their friendship which ends in the bull-ring of Mexico in 1944 innocent of the business of war. In learning about war

(London Express Service)



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Biggest Radio Coverage Ever For The Duke

Radio Hongkong's coverage of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh will be the most extensive ever planned.

From the moment the royal yacht, Britannia, is sighted at noon on Friday at Waglan to the point when Prince Philip steps ashore at Queen's Pier commentators will describe the arrival.

At Waglan Island Bill Dorward will describe the entry of the royal yacht into Hongkong waters, broadcasting on VHF from the radio station there.

Then, as the Britannia is joined by the Inshore minesweepers of the Hongkong Flotilla, Ted Thomas, on board H.M.S. Darham, will take over the commentary.

At 1 p.m. the Britannia will begin her entry into the harbour, and Ted Thomas will describe the scene as she receives the 21-gun salute from H.M.S. Cayton, H.M.S. Tamar and Royal Artillery batteries.

At 2 p.m. the Duke will come ashore at Queen's Pier to be met by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black.

He will inspect a guard of honour from H.M.S. Cayton, 1st Battalion Green Howards and the Royal Air Force.

Commentators at Queen's Pier will be John Wallace and Timothy Birch.

The Duke will speak from Government House at 7 p.m. on Friday over Radio Hongkong and Radiofutura.

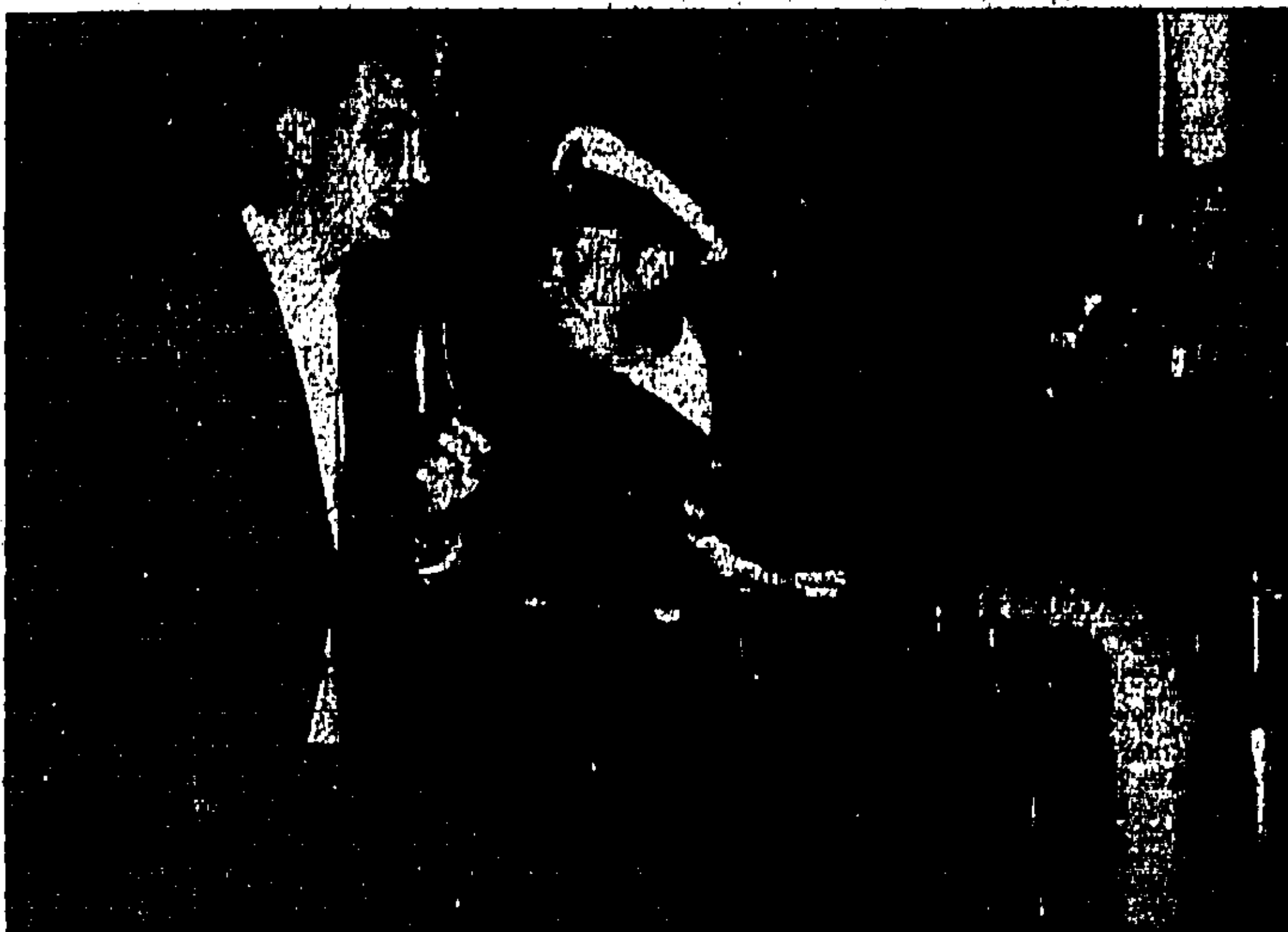
There will be a broadcast from the Ying King Restaurant, at 9.50 p.m. during which the speakers will be Prince Philip, Sir Robert Black and Sir Taurin Chau.

For full details of Saturday and Sunday's broadcasts on the royal visit see next Saturday's China Echo.

Alter Ego

Thursday night's Radio Theatre 9.15 is a place by local writer, Colwyn Hays, the author of the successful Radio Hongkong serial, "Brotherhood of Fear".

"Alter Ego" is an imaginative and modernistic production about men who suddenly discover that by listening carefully he can hear people's thoughts.



THESE two men will be among the first in Hongkong to sight the royal yacht next Friday. Commentator Bill Dorward of Radio Hongkong talks at Waglan Island to the principal light-house keeper, George Harris. They're looking at the equipment that will blow a fog signal 10 miles out to sea should the weather close down. Bill Dorward will describe the arrival of the Britannia at Waglan on Friday at noon.

The play was produced by Tim Brinton just before he left the Colony, and features George Harris in the leading role as the man who hears people's thoughts.

Sunday panel game at 9.15 p.m. is the last in the present series. This week the whole panel will be attending together, and a celebrated guest star may also make an appearance.

Radio Hongkong is staying on the air until 12.45 a.m. tomorrow for commentaries on two Rugby Football International—the first between England and France at Twickenham, and the second between Scotland and Ireland at Murrayfield.

This programme is gaining in popularity, particularly after the success of the presentation of reminiscences last week. Tonight at 6.30 the music critic, Ernst Gottschalk, will be "castaway", and will tell Ted Thomas what records he would like on his desert island.

"Dressed to Kill" the Saturday night cycle on the Life of Our Lord by Dorothy L. Sayers, 8 p.m. programme.

Presenting London, its people and its visitors.

9.00 P.M. THE NEWS.

9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

9.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

9.45 THE NEWS.

10.00 THE NEWS.

10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

10.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

10.45 THE NEWS.

11.00 THE NEWS.

11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

11.45 THE NEWS.

12.00 THE NEWS.

12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

12.45 THE NEWS.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 18.92m)

SATURDAY, FEB. 28

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
1.00 BERGHI FRUKOVIEV (piano).
1.10 THE NEWS.
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SUNDAY, MARCH 1

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
1.00 BERGHI FRUKOVIEV (piano).
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MONDAY, MARCH 2

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
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11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
1.00 BERGHI FRUKOVIEV (piano).
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TUESDAY, MARCH 3

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
1.00 BERGHI FRUKOVIEV (piano).
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
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12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

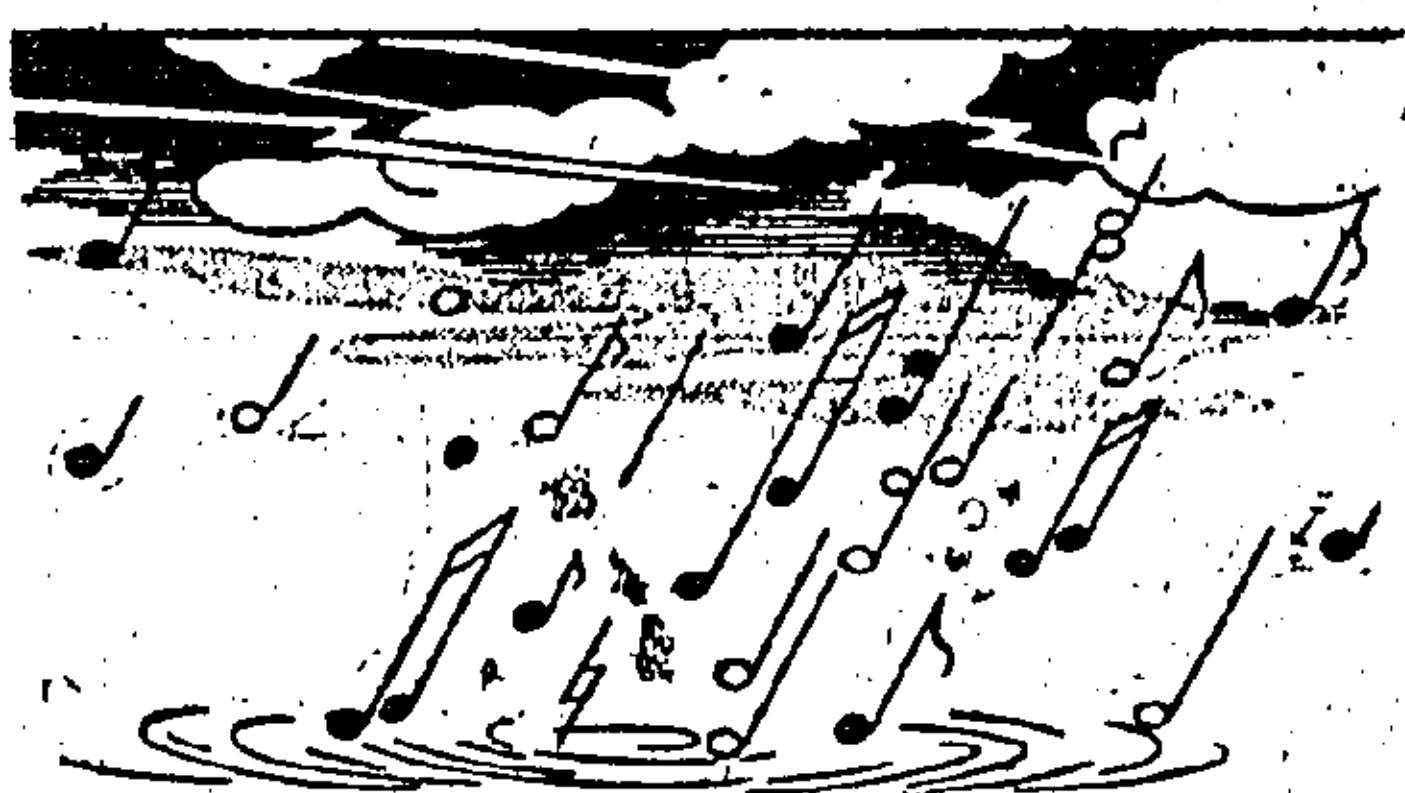
12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
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THURSDAY, MARCH 5

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

A programme for Under people overseas including the news from some sports report, topical talks and interviews.
7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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A Shower of Hits

- * TONI DALLI. Granada, Golden Days, and the Drinking Song.
- * ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS. All 'Shook Up'. Too much and Don't be Cruel.
- * THAT BAD EARTH. I want to be with you, Let's do it, and Under the Bridges of Paris.
- * LENA HORNE. Stormy weather, Summertime, and I'll be around.
- * EDDIE FISHER. Thinking of you, My blue heaven, and Trust in me.
- * PERRY COMO. My funny valentine, One for my baby, and For me and my gal.
- * HARRY BELAFONTE. SINGS OF THE CARIBBEAN. Island in the sun, Scratch, scratch, and Lucy's door.
- * SAMMY DAVIS, JR. Try a little tenderness, Deep in a Dream, and Bewitched.
- * HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD - DORIS DAY. That old black magic, A foggy day, and Blues in the night.
- * DOMENICO MODUGNO. E veno' solo, Musetto, and Vitti na crozza.
- * MYOSHI UMEKI SINGS AMERICAN SONGS IN JAPANESE. Sayonara, If I give my heart to you, and How deep is the ocean.

MOUTRIE'S

Speaks to the People of Hongkong.

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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11.45 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.45 THE NEWS.

12.50 WELSH MAGAZINE.
1.00 BERGHI FRUKOVIEV (piano).
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A TRUE ADVENTURE STORY

The First Through Air Mail

ONE FEBRUARY NIGHT in 1924 there was an unusual stir among the ground attendants at the Omaha air field when Jack Knight brought in the San Francisco mail.

Something important was up. For the first time in air mail history the United States postal authorities wanted the Pacific mail carried through in continuous flight to New York City. The hardest flying of all would be from Omaha to Chicago—hundreds of miles through the darkness. It happened that Jack Knight had the only plane and was the only pilot available at the Omaha field on this night.

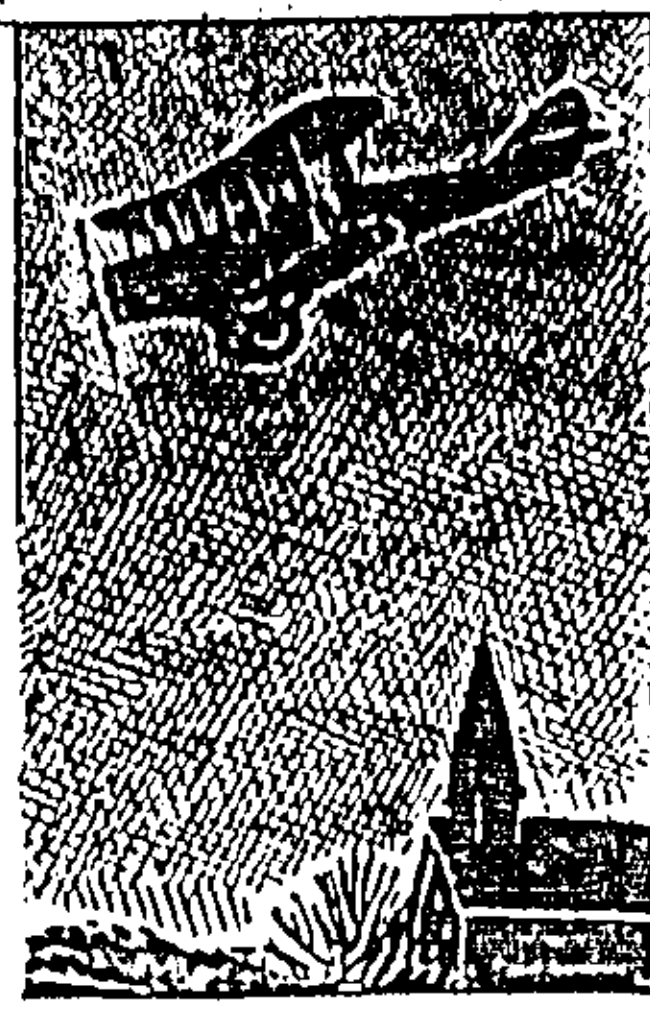
Would he be able to do it? Jack was tired already. He had come all the way from North Platte, Neb. He would have to fly over a course entirely new to him.

Jack took only a minute to consider. Then he answered with a grin, "Sure, I'll go." The plane was quickly refueled. For 20 minutes Jack carefully went over the map, in the bare one-room office. The last thing he did was to tear out a piece of that map to take along as a guide.

He must have sensed what this flight would mean. If he could get the mail to Chicago, Webster could take it to Cleveland the first thing in the morning, and from there Allison would rush it on to New York.

At his word "Om!" the mechanics turned the propeller over. Jack taxied out, swerved into the wind, waved his hand, and was gone. It was exactly 1:59 in the morning.

Jack thought that he could steer by compass until he struck Des Moines. This was good calculation. "I hit it right on the nose!" he reported afterward.



Jack kept low for he didn't dare lose sight of the ground.

But beyond that he ran into snow flurries and fog. It was a cold, black night. Jack's old Liberty roared as it fought the wind and drove the ship at nearly 100 miles an hour.

Jack flew low, for he didn't dare lose sight of the ground. When a layer of white clouds began to slide underneath, he dropped even more. It was tricky flying because the air was rough and the valleys were packed with fog.

The railroad guided him straight to Iowa City. There he had to go down for petrol and oil. But the landing field was harder to find than a needle in an Iowa haystack. For at least 20 minutes Jack circled around, dodging trees and steeples.

At last several red flares shone on the airport and Jack came down quickly. The time was 4:45 a.m.

Up once more, he knew that he was facing the crucial test. It is always the last lap that tells the story. Chicago was still about 200 miles away—and Jack was growing desperately sleepy.

Before long he had to pinch himself to keep his eyes open.

But the weather was better now. A faint light glowed in the east. Early-rising farmers could be seen far below.

At Clinton, Ia., Jack had to climb 5,000 feet to get out of the east. But then, rather suddenly, he came upon the landmark of Chicago's suburbs.

He was in sight of the Mayfield landing field when his Liberty started missing. But it didn't matter now. As he came within gliding distance, he cried, "Just spit, old boy! We're there!"

Fifteen minutes after Jack had landed, the mail pouches had been hauled out and Webster was on his way to Cleveland. From there Allison took them to New York.

The whole flight went through in a little less than 33 hours out of San Francisco. That doesn't seem fast, beside today's schedules. Nevertheless, Jack Knight's hop through the night had helped to set up a new landmark in air-mail flying.

—James Aldredge

Revival Of The Crossbow

THAT ANCIENT WEAPON, the crossbow, has been revived from its 400-year slumber in museums and is now being used to hunt big game in some areas. And those responsible for its awakening have come up with some curious facts about the old weapon.

African pigmy tribes may have built the first bows of this kind. Lacking the physical strength to draw a heavy longbow in the usual manner, the little fellows laid down, held the bow with their feet and leaned

back, drawing the string with their hands. Then they figured out a stock which enabled them to cock their bows and shoot from a standing position.

Extremely deadly and accurate, the crossbow was used extensively in Medieval Europe. It was used in England chiefly during the 13th century. Then the arrival of the longbow put it out of use.

The Longbow

The longbow could be shot faster than an ordinary crossbow. But the man most responsible for the crossbow's revival, George Stevens, of Marietta, Ark., has rigged up a



repeater that fires five 12-inch arrows in less than five seconds and has brought the crossbow back into high favour again as an accurate, fast weapon.

It was the twang of an arrow shot from a crossbow that brought freedom to the people of Switzerland, the oldest democracy in the world, 600 years ago.

And to the Swiss people, the saga of William Tell is their symbol of freedom.

It was during the 13th century when the Austrians were occupying Switzerland. A cruel tyrant named Gessler tested the loyalty of his subjects by placing a hat, bearing the colours of Austria, on top of a pole in the market square of Aldorf. He required every passerby to bow to it.

William Tell, a proud Swiss, refused to do it. He and his son were seized at once. Gessler knew that Tell was said to be the finest crossbow-

man in Switzerland. So he devised a cruel plan.

The son was bound to a tree and an apple placed on his head. Tell was ordered to stand 60 feet away and split the apple with an arrow or forfeit his life. The result is history.

A Spark

This was a spark. It seemed to draw the Swiss together in their fight to free their country forever from the Austrian oppressors. In 1291 they saw the real birth of Swiss democracy. The William Tell crossbow became an official trade-mark of all Swiss products, taking the place of the words, "Made in Switzerland."

—M. S. Sheldon

What Do You Know About Beetles?



THE WATER BEETLE (HYDROPHILUS) LAYS ITS EGGS IN LITTLE SILKEN BOATS WHICH FLOAT ABOUT WATER, AND THE OTHER FOR ON THE WATER. THE WHIRLIGIG BEETLE HAS EACH EYE DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS, ONE FOR SEEING ABOVE AND ONE FOR SEEING BELOW THE WATER SURFACE.

MANY YEARS AGO THE CALIFORNIA CITRUS ORCHARDS WERE BEING DESTROYED BY A PLANT LOUSE KNOWN AS THE MEALY BUG. IN 1907, 6,000 LADYBIRD BEETLES WERE SET LOOSE IN A BADLY INFESTED ORCHARD NEAR ALHAMBRA, CALIF. IN 4 MONTHS ALL THE MEALY BUGS WERE WIPED OUT. THE LADYBIRD FEEDS ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ON MEALY BUGS.

Fairies In Our Garden

I think a fairy visits us each night when we're in bed. He tiptoes round the garden, and paints the roses red. Just before I fell asleep, I jumped up for a drink, peeped out of my window, and all the buds were pink! There weren't any morning-glories. Growing on the vine—But fairies must have been here. Cause this morning they look fine. Mother says the flowers were waiting for the light—But I believe the fairy's wand worked magic in the night.

Milk Carton Boat

Wash an empty milk carton. Cut it in half the long way and crayon it to make a barge. Make seals by cutting strips and bending them at the sides so that they fit across the boat. Sell your boat in the bathtub.

Magician's Secret

MANY MAGICIANS change water to "wine." They pour a colourless solution into an "empty" glass and presto, the water becomes "wine." Then they add another colourless chemical and the "wine" turns back to water. You can do this trick if you buy a small bottle of phenolphthalein at the drug store.

Put a few drops of phenolphthalein into a clean glass. Make a solution of baking soda in a second glass and pour it into the first one. Presto—the colourless solution turns red. This happens because phenolphthalein becomes red in the presence of any alkaline substance and baking soda is such a substance.

If you wish to turn the "wine" back to water, pour some vinegar or borax acid solution into the red liquid. When enough has been added to make the solution acid, the colour will disappear as if by magic. You can repeat this "trick" as often as you wish.

A Most Unusual Present

—Baron Munch Receives A Wonderful Egg—

By MAX TRELL

"DID I ever tell you the story," said Baron Munch to Knarf and Handi, the Shadows with the Turned About Names, "about the Wonderful Egg?"

Knarf and Handi said that they had never heard this story.

So Baron Munch lit his long, clay pipe and after giving Knarf and Handi as many chocolate cookies as they could hold in both hands, he began his story.

"Once when I was travelling across Africa on an elephant, I came to a small village. There I was entertained by the Chief. After spending several pleasant days in this village, I bade the Chief goodbye."

A Tiny Object

"Before you go, Baron," said the Chief, "please let me give you a gift."

"As he said this, the Chief put a tiny object into my hand. I looked, and to my surprise saw that it was an egg. But it was not much bigger than a pea."

Here Knarf and Handi both interrupted to ask Baron Munch what kind of an egg it was.

"To tell you the truth," said Baron Munch, "I was puzzled myself. For, though I, this is no chicken egg. It is much too small. Nor is it the egg of any bird that I know of."

"I begged the Chief to tell me what kind of egg it was. But he simply smiled and told me to be patient. I continued on my journey," said Baron Munch, "and finally, many months later,

I reached home again. I had taken good care of the egg and now I set about trying to get it to hatch.

Shell Cracks

"I put the tiny egg in a matchbox lined with cotton fluff. I kept it in a warm room covered with silk. And at last the day came when I saw the shell cracking."

"Now I cried, 'I will see what is in this tiny egg!'"

"What was it?" shouted Knarf and Handi.

"The shell cracked," said Baron Munch. "Out came a creature no bigger than a fly. But it was no fly. For suddenly it spread its wings. And to my amazement, I saw that it was a peacock no larger than my thumb nail!"

"Never in all the world had anyone seen a peacock so beautiful or as small as this one. It kept it in a warm room covered with silk. And at last the day came when I saw the shell cracking."

"The shell cracked," said Baron Munch. "Out came a creature no bigger than a fly. But it was no fly. For suddenly it spread its wings. And to my amazement, I saw that it was a peacock no larger than my thumb nail!"

Baron Munch stopped and put aside his pipe. He shook his head in silence.

"But where is the peacock now, Baron Munch?" Knarf asked.

Baron Munch stopped and put aside his pipe. He shook his head in silence.

Baron Munch stopped and put aside his pipe. He shook his head in silence.

Baron Munch stopped and put aside his pipe. He shook his head in silence.



"Please let me give you a gift," said the Chief.

For a moment more, Baron Munch was silent. Then he said: "It was lonely. I knew that it wanted to go back to its village in far-off Africa."

"So one day, I opened the window and it flew off. It looked like a sunbeam as it disappeared into the blue sky."

Knarf and Handi could see that Baron Munch really missed the beautiful little peacock.

But they were surprised all at once to notice that from Baron Munch's old watch chain hung a tiny blue ornament. And when they looked closer at this ornament, they saw it was a tiny silver peacock speckled with blue.

And they wondered whether Baron Munch's whole story about the wonderful peacock that had hatched out of the tiny egg that the Chief had given him hadn't really come from the silver and blue peacock that hung on his watch chain.

Rupert and the Secret Boat—43



Following the little man Rupert finds that he has on his manner, the old Professor. "Why didn't you help us before?" asks the little bear breathlessly. "We had such a journey!" Yes, but what was that fearful monster in your boat?" says the dwarf. "Where on earth have you been?" We feared we'd never see you again. "It isn't a fearful monster," declares Rupert. "It's a friendly little sea-serpent, and I've got a parrot, too. Look!" And, as he tries to prove his words, the bird flies close up to them.

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MAKE YOUR OWN TOYS



Chemists Move On

PICK UP a book printed during the first half of the nineteenth century. The pages you'll find are coarse and off-white. This is why chemists became key men in the paper industry.

Their problem was to convert the pulp into suitable fibres for processing. The main object was to isolate the cellulose from the pulp. This was the element that gave paper the strength and pliable structure.

There were three basic methods: sulphite used on spruce woods; soda used on hardwoods, using an

alkaline solution; and sulphate, a derivative of the soda process, resulting from an effort to use less costly methods.

DILUTED

Pulp is diluted with water, making a milky fluid. This is beaten with power-driven beaters until evenly mixed. The watery mixture is passed through wire meshes, and the surplus water drained. The pulp converts into a film. With much of the moisture still in the pulp, it is passed to drying felt, where more water is drawn out.

The sheet is passed through heated rollers to press to an even surface, gradually eliminating all the moisture.

If the papermaker wants the pulp instead of letting it pass through the screens, and a series of mats construct the thickness desired.

When radio came into popular use, nothing would work as well as paper for the diaphragms to carry the sound.

A HEADACHE

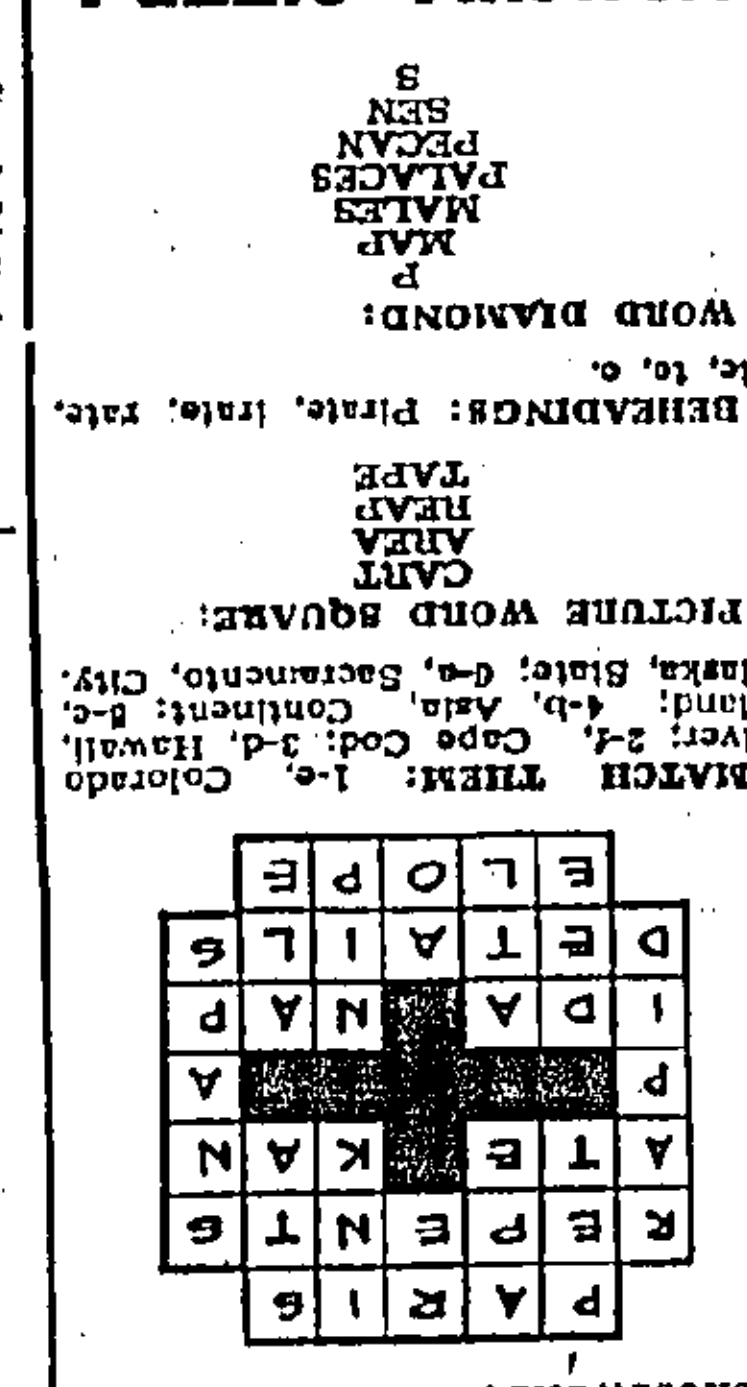
The newspaper probably caused as much headache for the papermaker to produce as any product in his field. It had to take ink without blotting, have enough strength to go through the rollers of the plant presses in the newspaper plant, and still be cheap. Mostly, it is made of sulphite pulp and a synthetic wood pulp.

China clay produces a high gloss on paper; coated papers use lino casein from Argentina. Butcher paper is sulphite paper treated chemically so that small cells of cellulose are filled with water which oil cannot penetrate.

There are more than 1,400 products of paper. Perhaps you can name a few hundred off-hand.

—Lois Rykor

Puzzle Answers



FOR TWO OR A TEAM

By IDA M. PARDUE

THIS is a game you can play with a friend or for a party. All you need are some dried beans.

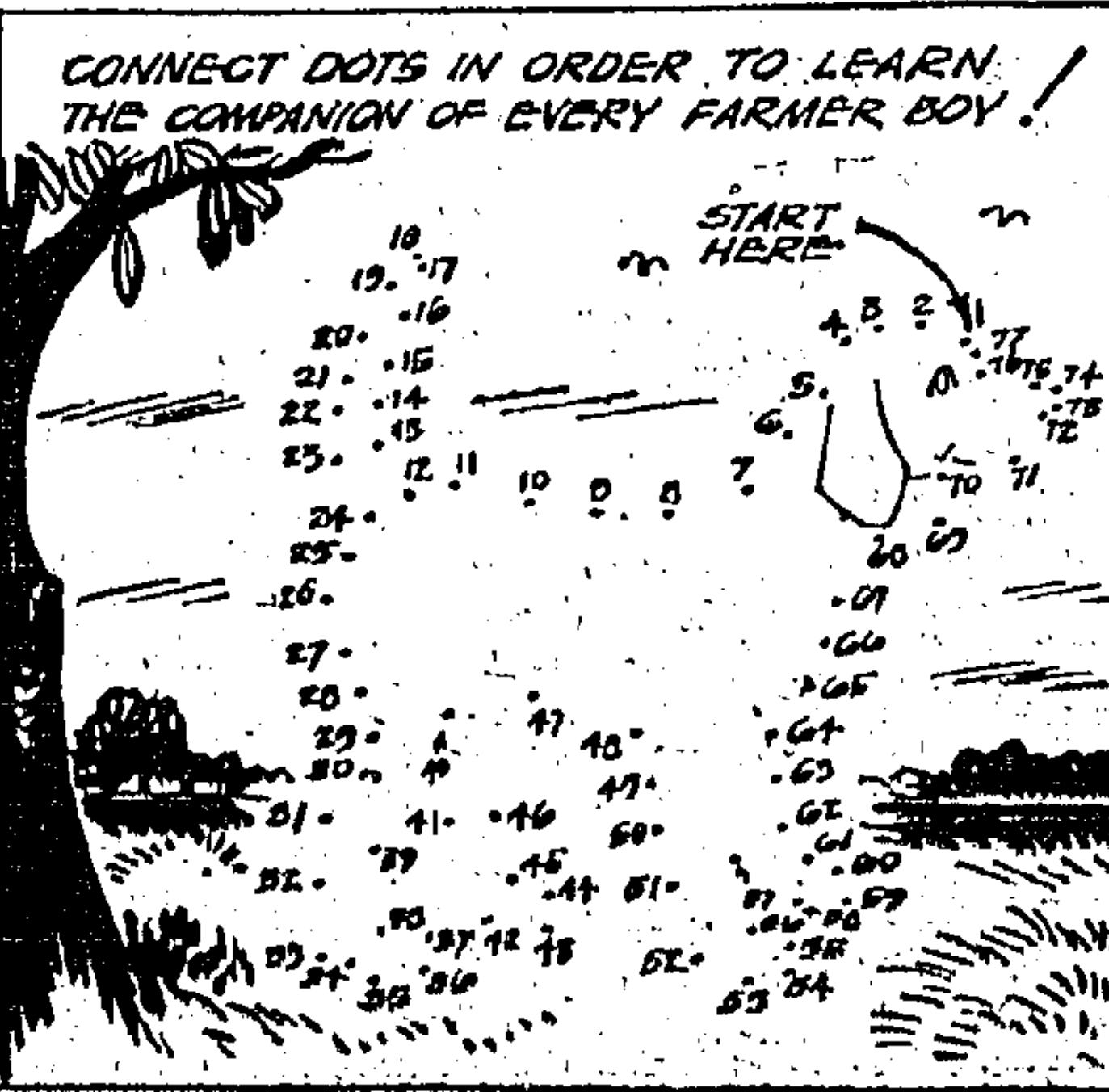
To play with a friend, lay 20 beans in a line down the middle of a room. Now each of you stand back of a chair at either end of the room, opposite each other. At the word go, you both race to pick up one bean, run back and put it on your chair, and off again for another. The player who picks the most beans, wins the game.

For a team game, use twice as many beans as players. Teams line up in two rows at either end of the room. Put the beans in a bowl on a chair in between the teams. One player from each team starts the game by racing for a bean, then racing back to give the bean to the next player. The "picked" beans are handed on to the next player each time.

The team picking the most beans wins.

You'll find it more fun to play this game outdoors.

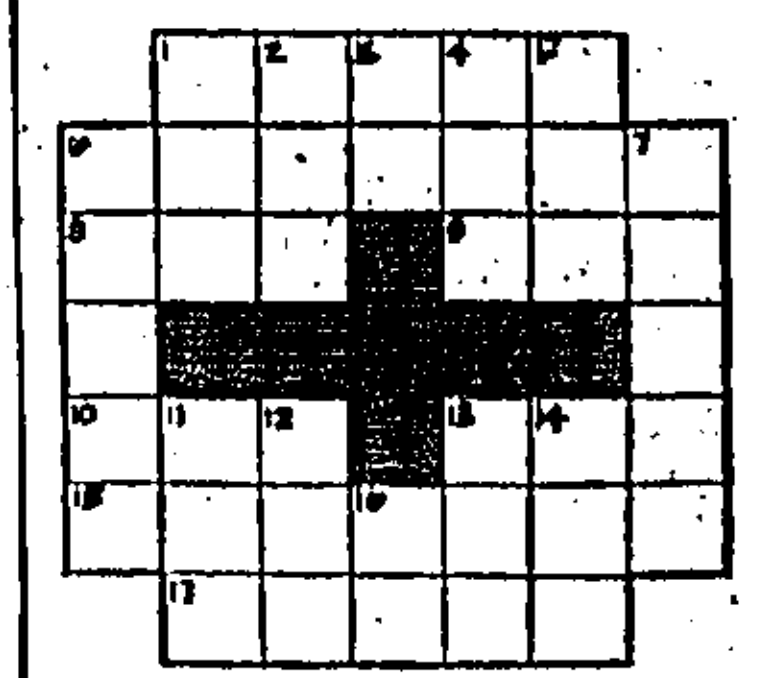
Find The Farmer's Friend



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Sharpen your wits with these variety puzzles:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 French capital
- 2 Reels sorry for
- 3 Had a meal
- 4 Midwestern state (ab.)
- 5 Girl's name
- 6 Short sleep
- 7 Particulars
- 8 Run away to marry

DOWN

- 1 Favourite animal
- 2 Mimic
- 3 Musical note
- 4 Writing fluid
- 5 Station (ab.)
- 6 Swift
- 7 Made with a camera
- 8 Scottish river
- 9 Atlantic (ab.)
- 10 Peck
- 11 Malt drink
- 12 Army order (ab.)

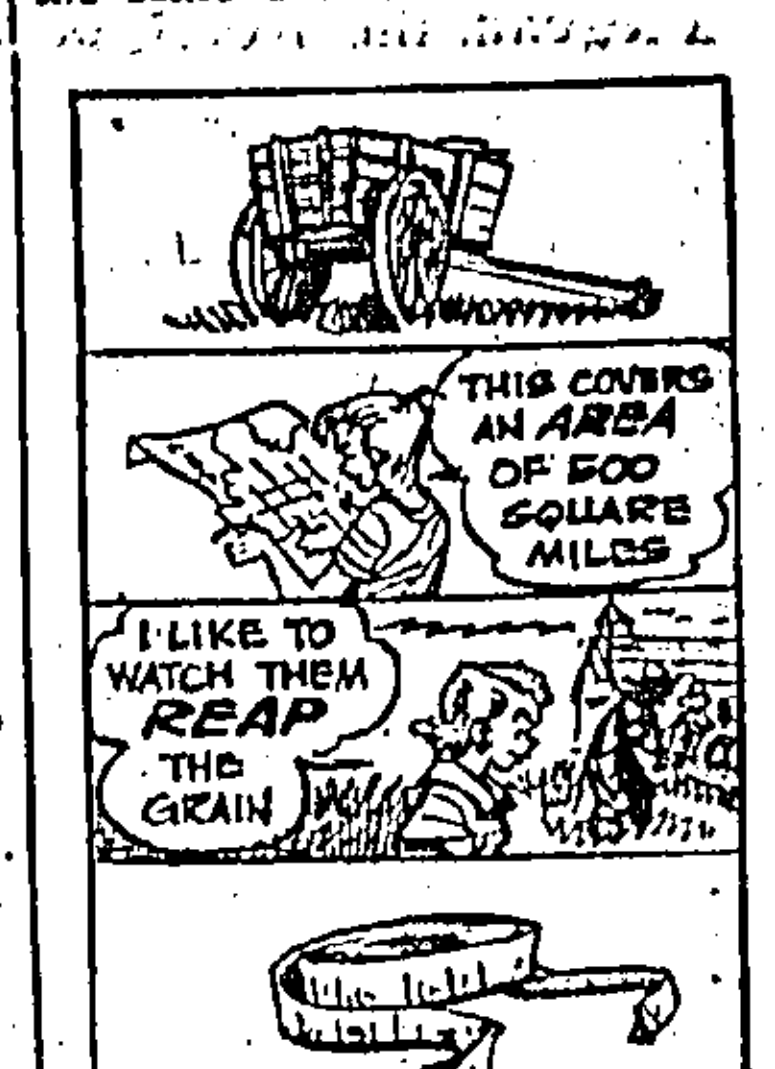
MATCH THEM

Can you match these two lists of words correctly?

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1 Colorado | a City |
| 2 Cod | b Continent |
| 3 Hawaii | c State |
| 4 Asia | d Island |
| 5 Alaska | e River |
| 6 Sacramento | f Cape |

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Substitute a four-letter word for each of these pictures and you will find your answer reads the same down as across:



BEHEADINGS

Behend "a sea robber" and have "angry"; behead this and have "proportion"; behead this and have "consumed food"; behead this and have an abbreviation for "equal experience."

WORD DIAMOND

Feeling quite stingy, Puzzle Pete has centred his diamond on PALACES. The second word is "a road chart"; third "men"; fifth "a nut"; and sixth "an Oriental coin." Can you complete the diamond?

P
A
L
A
C
E
S

BRAIN TEASER

GUESS THE flowers in this bouquet:

- 1 The one that makes you think of the cold.
- 2 The one that does preach day and night.
- 3 The flower that blooms on bright moonlight nights.
- 4 The one that we say when we part.
- 5 Some often fall from the heavens above.
- 6 A flower that stands up stately and tall.
- 7 One that's unpleasant when thrown by small boys.

Answers: 1. Snowflake, 2. Owl, 3. Moonflower, 4. Goodbye, 5. Dandelion, 6. Iris, 7. Egg.

THIS HONGKONG

The Hongkong Police

THE story of the Hongkong Police Force over the past hundred years is a story of a ceaseless struggle against organised crime. Generally, the public is totally unaware of the habits and procedure of the Chinese criminal classes.

A casual glance through the paper informs the ordinary reader that an arrest has been made, or that a member of a triad society has received a pretty severe sentence.

It can be said that nowhere is so much inspired criticism from uninformed sources directed at an institution—of which the public, at large, knows nothing.

Always there criticism—rarely there praise; one cannot appreciate the marvellous job the Hongkong Police Force does, until one has lived in Asia beyond their jurisdiction.

As a Force, they early came in for criticism as reference to my article on "The First Tourists" points out.

The newcomer to Hongkong, or the casual tourist, has no conception of what the police are up against.

Asiatic criminal Societies are highly organized, and those in Hongkong are no exceptions. It has been so from the earliest days of this Colony.

On the take-over of the Island of Hongkong, most of the in-

they were brought up to appreciate that their very means of livelihood was taking other people's property.

The early papers speak with sickening monotony of Court cases where pirates had been apprehended and sentenced.

Even those not actually engaged in piracy were informers for the pirates, reporting on valuable cargoes about to sail from Hongkong.

No self-respecting Chinese dreamed of settling in Hongkong. Why should he? In those days it was an unhealthy place, and your affluent Chinese had his beautiful house in Canton, or elsewhere on the mainland.

The best that happened was that after a time, when the Chinese merchant was convinced that the British were going to make a go of the place, he established his home here.

But it was years before that happened.

Then as I have pointed out elsewhere, the milder British laws attracted the evil-doer, and Sir John Pope-Hennessy's unpopular regime was largely due to the fact that he wanted to introduce milder legislation in dealing with the criminal classes. A protest meeting informed him that under his rule, the life of Hongkong's citizens would not be worth a cent.

by
JOHN LUFF

But one factor more than any other has made the task of the police singularly difficult in Hongkong, and that is quite early in its history it became a refuge for the Triad Societies who fled before the remorseless Chinese Government.

Dr Eitel, the first historian of this Colony, a man who knew China and the Chinese well, put it this way in his Europe in China: "Sir John Davis found himself handicapped in his efforts to suppress crime (like every other Governor of Hongkong) by the constant influx of criminals from the mainland."

You can be sure that almost every nefarious institution in this Colony is under control of the Triads.

Eitel further says: "The failure of the police to prevent crime was unavoidable as the extraordinary activity of Chinese criminals was the natural corollary of the Taiping and Triad rebellions, and as the police force was deficient in numerical strength from financial considerations."

The initiate underwent, and probably does now, a form of initiation. They then took upon themselves a political form, but are now utterly criminal.

Their signs are crude, the form of three generally identifying one with another. During the last years of the Nationalist regime, they were particularly powerful, as many of their lodge leaders were also in political office.

Just before the fall of Shanghai many of their leaders made their way to Hongkong to add further to the burden of the Hongkong Police Force.

The average European cannot appreciate the lengths to which these people will go, nor can they understand the lengths to which they will go to exploit their own people. The present Government of China understood them only too well. It took very little time to completely smash them. And personally I think the success of the Chinese Government is largely due to the fact that they dealt with this parasitic trash in the only way it could be dealt with.

So much then for the major headache of the Hongkong Police Force.

When do we first hear of the police taking action in Hongkong? Quite early. It happened this way: As you probably know by now, the only land available in Victoria a hundred years ago was that narrow strip which skirted what is roughly Queen's Road.

I am afraid there was quite a scramble for it. Government taking all the best sites, the Navy the better, and the Army and Navy together, a site near the water front, all that was best a little way in.

The merchants also wanted to be at the water's edge, so they did the best they could. In evidence before Parliament, Mr. Matheson freely admitted beating Government to it, and then daring them to move him on.

Well, in 1842 a Mr. Fearon, fed up with waiting for Government to make up its mind just staked a claim by holding his flag on a lot.

Government told him to shift. He answered in a manner

When they are caught, they generally receive a stiff sentence, but on the other hand, their sentence does not impose the hardships entertained by the casual criminal.

First, there is little stigma in being a gal-bird if one is a Triad.

Secondly, if the member is in good standing, his domestic responsibilities will be taken care of.

Thirdly, and it has degenerated to this, the terror the Triad societies wield is greater than can ever be inflicted upon their individual members by a British Police Force.

Strangely enough, Triad Societies originated as ethical societies, a form of Asiatic Freemasonry. The Triad were three holy ones, and for the purposes of ritual took upon themselves human form together with a legend.

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A PHOTOGRAPH taken about sixty years ago showing the Time Ball Tower on its former site near the Water Police Station. The view is down Canton Road. The godowns as we know them now, had not yet been built.

warranted to send up the blood pressure of a bloodless civil servant.

The next thing we hear is: "The Land Office went to the lot with some policemen and hauled the flag down."

The next reference is in the same year. The European police are always reporting sick after night duty, probably, I suppose, from some form of malaria.

There were at that time thirty European policemen, and their efforts were supplemented by three of watchmen employed by the large houses, and European householders.

Messrs Jardine, Matheson & Co. employed twelve of these watchmen at a total cost of £50 a month.

The watchmen signalled their wakefulness by beating bamboo drums. This placed the Europeans in a dilemma. If the watchman banged his drum to prove he was awake, he also kept everyone else awake.

So loud and bitter complaints rolled into Government, and an Ordinance put a stop to the practice.

The immediate result of this was a large increase in crime. Armed robberies took place during 1843, and even Government House was entered and burgled.

Meanwhile, daylight robberies and pinches were too numerous to mention. It was at this stage when it became compulsory for all Chinese to carry a lantern at night, and I re-emphasise that this was at the same time when the Microcyt of Canton informed his royal master that not one respectable Chinese person had moved to the Island, a point stressed a year later when Mr (Misery) Montgomery Martin, sometime Colonial Treasurer, suggested that the British were a worthless criminal ridden island.

This seems to have been an appointment in the official sense of the word, for when Captain Haly was required with his regiment, Captain Bruce of the Royal Irish Regiment acted for him in the Police appointment.

Still in 1844, and it is felt necessary that a regularly constituted Police Force should be formed.

Government was much more humble in these days, so before taking any "drum" beating, Colonial Secretary issued a circular to all the principle merchants in Hongkong.

The merchants, being what they were in those days, certainly wanted a police force with a minimum of interference with their own activities.

The circular went out on July 3rd 1844, and the answer, the Colonial Secretary received was in effect: By all means have a Police Force, but where are you

going to get the type of chap who makes a good policeman? What they meant I suppose was—Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

As ever, good old Scotland Yard solved the difficulty, and Mr C. May, an Inspector of K Division of the Metropolitan Police was placed in command of the Hongkong Force at a salary of £500 a year, and two Sergeants were appointed at the same time at salaries of £250 a year.

Instructions were given that the Hongkong Police Force should be recruited from the Military and Marines in China, and that good pay should be offered.

One cannot help but admire the sound commonsense that governed the very first instructions concerning the Police Force. It was obvious from the start that to get the incorruptible type of man necessary, it was necessary also to pay him well.

There was a further proviso that any man who misconducted himself should be returned to the ranks from whence he came.

Accordingly, a force of 78 Europeans, 34 Indians, and 48 Chinese was formed upon the model of the Royal Irish Constabulary. They were immediately dubbed "green-jackets" by the Chinese.

The Harbour Police were not included in this force because they came under the Chinese Revenue Service, in accordance with a clause in a Treaty.

However, this small force was helpless before the ever

increasing criminal activities. The wrongdoers poured in, and the young Police Force was merely swamped under. In 1848, Sir J. Bonham formed a detective branch. In charge he placed Mr D. R. Caldwell with the appointment of Assistant Superintendent.

By this time, the Hongkong Police Force was seriously reduced in numbers.

Whether from sickness or casualties I do not know, but it comprised only 134 men, 48 Europeans less than in 1844. Furthermore, the whole force was unmanageable.

The Europeans had no police experience, and abandoned discipline immediately they left their regiments. The Indians from Bombay and Madras were not good policemen. The Chinese who were recruited from the lowest classes were scandalously underpaid.

There was an improvement in 1850, and during the next three years there was less serious crime committed.

Central and West Point Stations were completed in 1857. Following this the position further improved until the Governor, Sir J. Bowring expressed his opinion that in appearance, deportment, discipline and general efficiency, the Police Force had improved.

In 1859, a station was built at Stanley, and in 1860 another one was opened at Shaokwan. Two others were built in 1862, and then, after a period of improvement, things began to go very wrong indeed.

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BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

QUEEN OF SPIES

THE most notorious spy of all time calmly faced the firing squad.

Just before the order was given to fire, Mata Hari, an exotic figure in a low-cut gown, waved a white gloved hand, and blew a kiss to her executioners.

That final languid gesture made Mata Hari a legend, the prototype of fiction's beautiful spies.

The date was October, 15, August 7, 1876. Her father was 1917; the place Vincennes, near Paris.

A few months earlier, a French military tribunal had found Mata Hari guilty of espionage, and sentenced her to death.

That Mata was one of the most dangerous women in the history of espionage cannot be doubted. That she was also one of the cleverest, as many have claimed, is not borne out by the facts.

These show that it was her naivety that made her dangerous—and finally brought her own downfall.

What kind of person was she, this woman who was held responsible for the death of thousands of men?

She was said to be strikingly beautiful, vivacious, elegant, possessor of a magnetic personality, capable of turning men's heads by a combination of charm and cunning—and clever.

The truth is she had all those qualities but the last. But, at first, as an adventuress, a woman of easy morals, cleverness was not necessary.

She was born Marguerite Gertrud Zelle in Java, on

by
REX LOPEZ

All that is known is that she lived in Holland, her father's native country, long enough to place her daughter in a convent there.

Mata Hari was in her late twenties when she went to Paris, lured by ambition. The gay city captivated her. She loved the bright lights, the nightclubs—and the men she met in them.

And men liked her. She was a tall, elegant woman, with jet black hair and dark eyes. She had a strange attractiveness that could easily be mistaken for beauty—and often was.

In Mata's day, there were few situations for a respectable woman in Paris. But she was not interested in respectability. Her sole talent was dancing, and her natural habitat the nightclub.

So she became a semi-nude snake dancer, earning a living in sleazy Left Bank cabarets.

Her exotic looks and daring dances earned her local fame, but when she made a bid for the London stage she was bluntly turned down.

Mata took the setback philosophically. After all, she was on her way to becoming a water-ski champion. She was meeting lots of men—men who could afford to lavish on her the luxuries she craved for. Among the many who shared her favours was an official of the Berlin Government.

But to Mata his position meant less than the fact that he was very rich.

Just before she died in a Zurich sanatorium in August 1934, Frauclain Doktor, confided to her doctor: "Mata Hari was my protegee. But I had to see that she was removed. She was becoming a danger to every German agent in France."

And it was Frauclain Doktor who eventually disposed of Mata Hari—turning her into a French spy, a German spy, a Dutch spy, a woman who posed as her maid, Frauclain Doktor.

It was Frauclain Doktor who selected Mata Hari's victims, and briefed her on what secret information to obtain from them. It was she who sent back the information in coded messages to Berlin.

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The true facts about Mata Hari's career as a spy were never revealed.

But in his memoirs, Major Thomson Coulson, head of the British Secret Service, said that at least 50,000 men lost their lives because of her.

Mata Hari did, in fact, become a "double spy" by joining the French Secret Service while she was still in German pay. She was on a mission for the Allies when Frauclain Doktor tricked her by arranging for several coded messages to Berlin—apparently from Mata—to fall into the hands of the French.

Then she deposited 10,000 francs in Mata Hari's name in a Paris bank.

When Mata Hari returned to Paris, officers of the Surete were waiting for her.

M. Andre Morner, the prosecutor who presented the case that sent Mata Hari to the firing squad, was once asked if she had been as beautiful as legend would have her.

"She had charm," he said. "But beauty? In the interest of history—no!"



Mata Hari danced in sleazy Left Bank night-clubs.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

HKFA Get A Black Mark For Last Sunday's Long Delayed Kick-Off

It is understood that KMB are seriously considering sending a letter of protest to the Hongkong Football Association. The Busmen are reported to be more than a little annoyed about certain circumstances connected with their game against Tung Wah last Sunday.... and I'm sure that every clear thinking follower of the game will support their protest. The letter may already have been forwarded to the Football Association.

According to my information—which came direct and first hand from a senior official of the club—the KMB folks take the greatest exception to the fact that, after their players had got ready for a game which was officially scheduled to start at half past three, they had to hang around kicking their heels until ten minutes past four.

In case you are unaware of the predisposing factors which led up to this controversial hiatus let me explain that the big game of the afternoon was preceded by a Junior Shield match between Army and Tung Wah which went into extra time... but even at that the KMB-Tung Wah league game could have started on time. However, in spite of the inclement weather... in the cold miserable afternoon... In spite of the fact that thousands of loyal rain-soaked fans were sitting out on the exposed terraces... waiting patiently for the kick-off... the HKFA hierarchy persisted in going ahead with a performance by the Bugle and Drum Team of the United States Marines.

Cared Little

The busmen were once again excellent but that does not alter the situation one little bit for they were not playing for the pleasure of the impatient crowd but to their disadvantage and also to the disadvantage of the players of both sides. Neither the fans nor the

players deserved such treatment and the fact that they got it showed once again how little some officials cared for the pertinent things in the game. The match—and it was one of vital moment to KMB—finished in semi-darkness and in the gathering gloom it would have been very easy for either side to have made a mistake which could have lost them the two points.

Fully Justified

The referee who had charge of the game tried to meet the circumstances by using a white ball during the latter part of the second half (that incidentally provides another interesting point) but while it certainly helped it should never have been necessary.

Any protest which KMB have made or will make is fully justified. The whole fantastic affair was a sad reflection on the on-the-spot management of the HKFA and some officials came out of it with little credit. The Band of the United States Marines stand above

MILLIONAIRE BUYS NATIONAL FAVOURITE

Mr Bernard Sunley, one of Britain's newest millionaires, has bought Slippery Serpent, the 9-1 Grand National favourite. The price has not been disclosed.

Before Slippery Serpent won at Gowran Park, Ireland, last week, it could have been bought for £7,500 with a contingency payment of a further £2,500 if it won the Grand National.

Several English trainers refused to buy at that figure, and the price is certain to have gone up considerably since then.

The horse will remain in Ireland to be trained by Tom

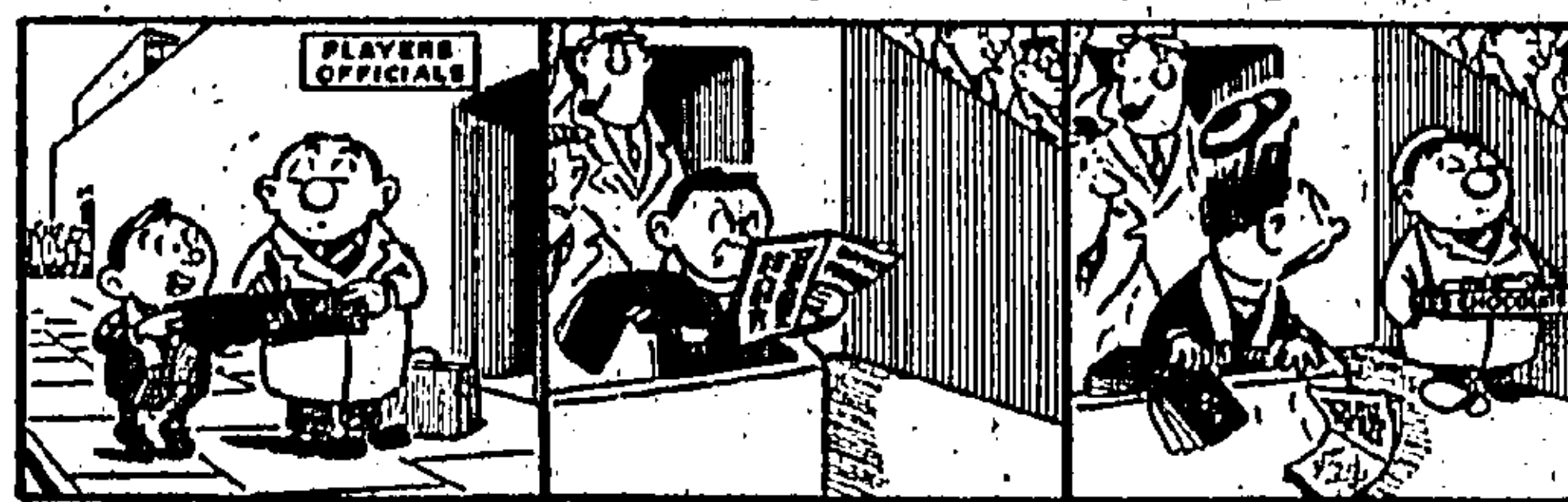
Draper and will be ridden in the Grand National by Pat Taffie. 46-year-old Mr Sunley is listed as the chairman of nine companies. Three years ago he formed Equity Credit with a capital of £500,000 to enter the hire-purchase business.

Lavish Host

He is known as one of the country's most lavish hosts. Two years ago he spent £3,000 at Claridges on the coming-out party of his younger daughter, Annabella. The 25-year-old elder daughter, who became the bride of former James Tice at St. Marks, Mayfair, last month, had the biggest party of 1951. The previous owner of Slippery Serpent was Mr Nixie Hanley, of Waterford, Eire.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service.

It is all very interesting and we shall look forward to a further expression of opinion. It is when KMB's letter of protest is received at HKFA Headquarters.

★ ★ ★

The Hongkong Amateur Athletic Association is to be congratulated on its arrangements for the 30,000 metres event at Caroline Hill last Sunday.

The organisation was first class and the visiting runners were accorded every opportunity

view they had a great deal to lose in making their courageous decision. Maybe their open admission of the circumstances which exist in Sweden will encourage other countries to follow their lead and declare quite frankly that their players also receive monetary rewards for playing football.

"Amateurism" is becoming increasingly farcical and the Swedish decision is merely one more step along the road to open competition in all sports.

Will Not Stop It

It is coming as sure as night follows day. The hypocrites who swear amateur purity with the right hand upraised while they pay out or receive fees in the left palm, behind their back will only delay the full swing of the pendulum. They certainly will not stop it, and as a world personality declared recently...

"I am a normal healthy man and although I might be called middle aged I confidently predict that within my lifetime I shall see the end of the segregation of professional and amateur sportsmen. Old fashioned amateurism cannot exist much longer in this material-minded, rush-a-day, better-skilled world. There is no longer a stigma on professionalism; today no one grudges the reward paid for skill in sport."

Maybe you do not agree with these views: maybe you believe the case has been over-

stated...but whether you do or not there is no doubt that there is an ever widening belief that amateurism in isolation cannot go on indefinitely. For the records I subscribe to that latter view... do you?

★ ★ ★

...and finally a few tale-

waggers. For the benefit of those good people who took the trouble to write to me and telephone me about the Army-Kitchee affair at Boundary Street last Sunday let me say only that, I was at the Hongkong Stadium and in consequence I have no opinion to express.

I have heard so many conflicting reports about the whole shocking affair that I think it would be better to leave it to the HKFA and the Army FA to deal with the matter each in its own way.

What a pity the Taiwan rugby team did not arrive as planned on Wednesday. Already the shooting has started as far as Taiwan participation in the Asian Games soccer competition is concerned...rumour has it that a protest about the eligibility of the players is being sent from 'Down-Under'...life is never dull...Lastly, when we present banners to visitors they should be something which will be a credit to us when later displayed...

Avery Brundage Blasts The 'Soft' American

By DEREK JOHN

Mr Avery Brundage, 71-year-old millionaire president of the International Olympic Committee, is the toughest-talking, hardest-hitting administrator in the world of sport today.

Like a volcano, he is powerful and unpredictable and has a habit of erupting from time to time and sending shudders over a sizeable part of the world.

Now, after an unusually long spell of silence, Brundage has exploded again. This time he launches one of the severest attacks ever made against American athletes.

Using the American magazine, Sports Illustrated, as his platform, he says that the United States has become a second-class track power in athletics, that Americans are becoming a nation of spectators.

Overtaken Long Ago

"You take Olympic medals as a standard, and we were overtaken long ago in track and field. Australia, on a per capita basis, won ten times as many medals as we did in the last

Olympics. And the European countries are progressing much faster than we are...

"If it weren't for our Negro athletes, we would be out of the picture."

"We are soft," he declares. "If it were only Brundage's opinion, the outbreak might be noted with interest, but nothing more. But when his words are repeated by the world's No. 1 athlete it is time to ask: Is something radically wrong with American athletics?"

In Milwaukee this month, Herb Elliott of Australia also said that U.S. athletes are "soft." He predicted a Russian sweep of the Olympics if Western athletes "don't get on the ball."

American athletes, he said, do not try hard enough in the longer distance events.

"A lot of chaps can run the first half-mile in two minutes, but running the second half constitutes the real test. They can't do it because the body wants to stop."

The Real Test

What is the trouble? I agree with Brundage that a high standard of living has made Americans lazy.

Eighty-three per cent of the households in the United States have at least one television set. One in every three Americans owns a motor-car. The accent is on amateur sport and comfortable travel.

Americans have always been far more interested in sports than long distance events, and an analysis of Olympic results indicates that this preference is growing stronger.

In the 1956 Olympics, there was not one American in the first six of the 1,500 metres, 5,000 metres, 10,000 metres, 20,000-metre walk, 50,000-metre walk, 3,000-metre steeplechase, and the marathon.

But in 1952 Americans came second in the Olympic 1,500 metres and first in the 3,000 metres steeplechase.

Americans have not finished in the first six of the marathon since 1928. Yet the United States has won more places in the first six of this even than any other country.

Supreme in Sprints

But I cannot agree with Brundage that the United States has become a second-class track power. They remain supreme over the shorter distances.

Three Americans jointly hold the 100-metre world record. Americans also hold the world records for the 200 metres, 400 metres, 4 x 100 metres (with Germany), 110-metre hurdles, 200-metre hurdles, and 400-metre hurdles.

And of course, the United States is approached only by Russia as a great power in men's field events.

The real object, however, would be to land us on the Monterey Peninsula, south of San Francisco, on whose shores we should find Cypress Point and Pebble Beach.

Most photographed

Most American country-club courses bear a strong similarity, but these two are different. Much has been written about them and I suppose that the 16th at Cypress Point with the green jutting out into the ocean is the most widely photographed hole in golf. Never mind, I only wish I were standing there now, watching the pelicans flying along the surface of the Pacific, listening to the seagulls barking on the rocks—and, doubtless, playing a few off the tee.

Finally, we might make a Ryder Cup reconnaissance inland in the desert on the other side of the mountains, where the air is truly like champagne, so that you notice it the moment you get out of the aeroplane, and everybody sheds the cares of this world.

And if after its long journey, the magic carpet chases this moment to break down, there would be no complaints from me.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Scotland's in 1928.
2. Six.
3. Wimbledon ladies' singles championship.
4. Grand National.
5. Yes.
6. No.
7. Manchester United.
8. Davy Moore of the United States.
9. Melbourne, Australia.
10. Floyd Patterson. One defeat—against Joey Maxim, in 1954.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

criticism. They were at the Hongkong Stadium by invitation and they did their part really well. What a pity the HKFA did not show the same unanimity of thought and purpose as did these visiting runners. If ever there was an example of muddled thinking it was demonstrated on this occasion.

It was indeed an eventful day and, quite apart from Tung Wah's good showing and KMB's loss of a vital point, it threw up an interesting point in regard to the eventual use of the white ball.

First of all let me say that I thought the referee did the only thing possible in the circumstances short of asking for the floodlights to be switched on but it has long been established in league football in the United Kingdom—and that is still the best domestic competition in the world—that it is inadvisable and unfair to switch from a sodden leather ball to a non-absorbent white ball during a game.

FA Ruling

It is a subject which underwent expert examination and the findings were so overwhelming that the Football Associations in the United Kingdom issued a ruling making it compulsory for the referee to make his decision as to the ball to be used BEFORE THE GAME WAS STARTED. The matter was later referred by the Home associations to FIFA who in turn advised members to follow a similar plan... and FIFA also introduced the ruling for international matches over which they had control.

It is a point of view which makes an awful lot of common sense for there is not the slightest doubt that changing from a heavy rain-soaked leather ball to a dry plastic or painted ball can change the whole character of the game.

In last Sunday's match it could have weighed heavily in favour of KMB whose fast close-interpassing is one of the established styles in Colony football. The Busmen were having the greatest difficulty in moving the leaden ball about and they certainly looked a better side after Mr Lytle had made the best of a bad job and called for a white ball.

to give of their best in spite of the inclement weather.

The organisers and the competitors did a grand job. What a great pity they did not get better support from the public.

Oh, I know it was a bad night, and I know too that there were important counter attractions but an international event of this kind deserved much better support than it received.

Why Such Apathy?

This raises a most interesting point. Athletics in America and Britain nowadays attract bumper crowds and recent television films shown in the Colony have given some indication of the tremendous enthusiasm which exists in other countries for track and field events. Big events on the continent of Europe and as far south as Australia pull in spectators in huge numbers... why then is there such apathy in Hongkong?

It is true our own long distance athletes may not be up to international standards but the runners who came here from Japan last week most certainly were.

It must be most disheartening to the HKAAA although I am sure the officials of that organisation will not allow such circumstances to divert them from their planned task of fostering an ever widening interest in their activities.

The 30,000 metres was a first class idea... it was a first class show... it thoroughly deserved a first class audience... it was a first class shame it did not get it.

★ ★ ★

The decision of the Swedish Football Association not to enter a side in the next Olympic Games because the amateur status of their players is suspect must be raising a roar of horse laughs around other parts of the world... and that includes Hongkong.

The Swedes were runners-up in the last Games and won the Olympic title in 1954. So from a prestige point of

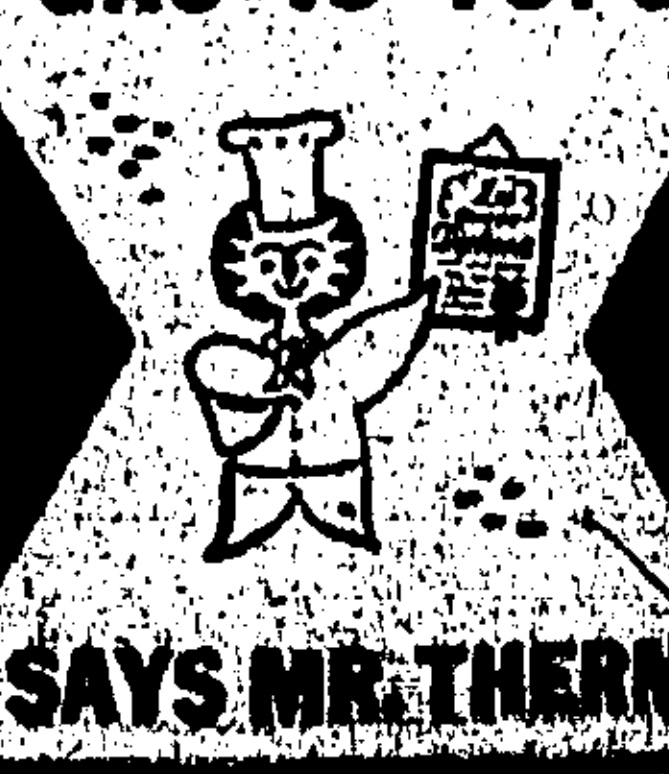
THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



ROME



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
Skup

New Peak For British Boxers

New York, Feb. 27.
The rise of British heavyweights reached a new peak today when Ring magazine rated three of them among the top 10 contenders for the world crown.

It was the first time three British heavies had been listed simultaneously among the top 10 since the ratings were originated 32 years ago. Henry Cooper of England, conqueror of American Zora Foley, is ranked fourth. Brian London of England, British Empire Champion and knockout victor over American Willie Pastrano, is ninth.

The latest to join the select group was Joe Erskine of Wales, who outpointed Pastrano at London last Tuesday night. Erskine now is rated 10th. Because of Pastrano's previous record, however, Tuesday's defeat dropped the Miami Beach speedster only from the fifth to seventh place.—U.P.I.

Breather

London, Feb. 27.
Doctors at a British hospital have adapted a hand-held miniature, household vacuum cleaner into a simple portable breathing aid for polio victims.—China Mail Special.

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Benaud Breaks Wicket Taking Record

Perth, Feb. 27.
Richie Benaud, Australia's Test captain, today set an Australian record for the highest number of wickets in a season.

By taking three for 38 for New South Wales against Western Australia in a Sheffield Shield match, Benaud raised his aggregate to 78. The previous best was 77, by spin bowler Clarrie Grimmett 27 years ago.

This season Benaud's Test spinners have earned him 31 wickets in the Test matches against England, 35 in Shield cricket and 12 in two State games against the MCC.

Benaud and Test bowler Alan Davidson, who took four for 24, helped to dismiss Western Australia for a first innings total of 107. New South Wales replied with 59 for one.

Lift

Western Australia, who were put in by Benaud to bat, were never really comfortable against Davidson who obtained lift and brought the ball in sharply off the pitch. Davidson's figures were 15-0-24-4.

The local batsmen were also in trouble against the leg breaks of Benaud and the pace bowling of Frank Mission who, making his debut in first class cricket, took three for 31.—China Mail Special.

ITALY GETS FIRST STABLE RULE IN 2 YEARS

Rome, Feb. 27.
Italy's Chamber of Deputies gave sweeping support to new Premier Antonio Segni tonight in his battle against misery, unemployment and the largest Communist party in the free world.

The confidence vote of 333 to 248 and one abstention gave Italy its first stable Government in nearly two years, or since the end of Segni's first term as Premier in 1957.

All groups from centre to right gave compact backing to Segni's programme of loyalty to the West, anti-recession measures and encouragement to free enterprise.

All left wing groups from the Communists to the pro-Western Social Democrats voted against. The vote for Segni's one-party government came from his own Christian Democrats, the Moderate Liberals, the two Monarchist parties and the Neo-Fascists.

Vain Wooing

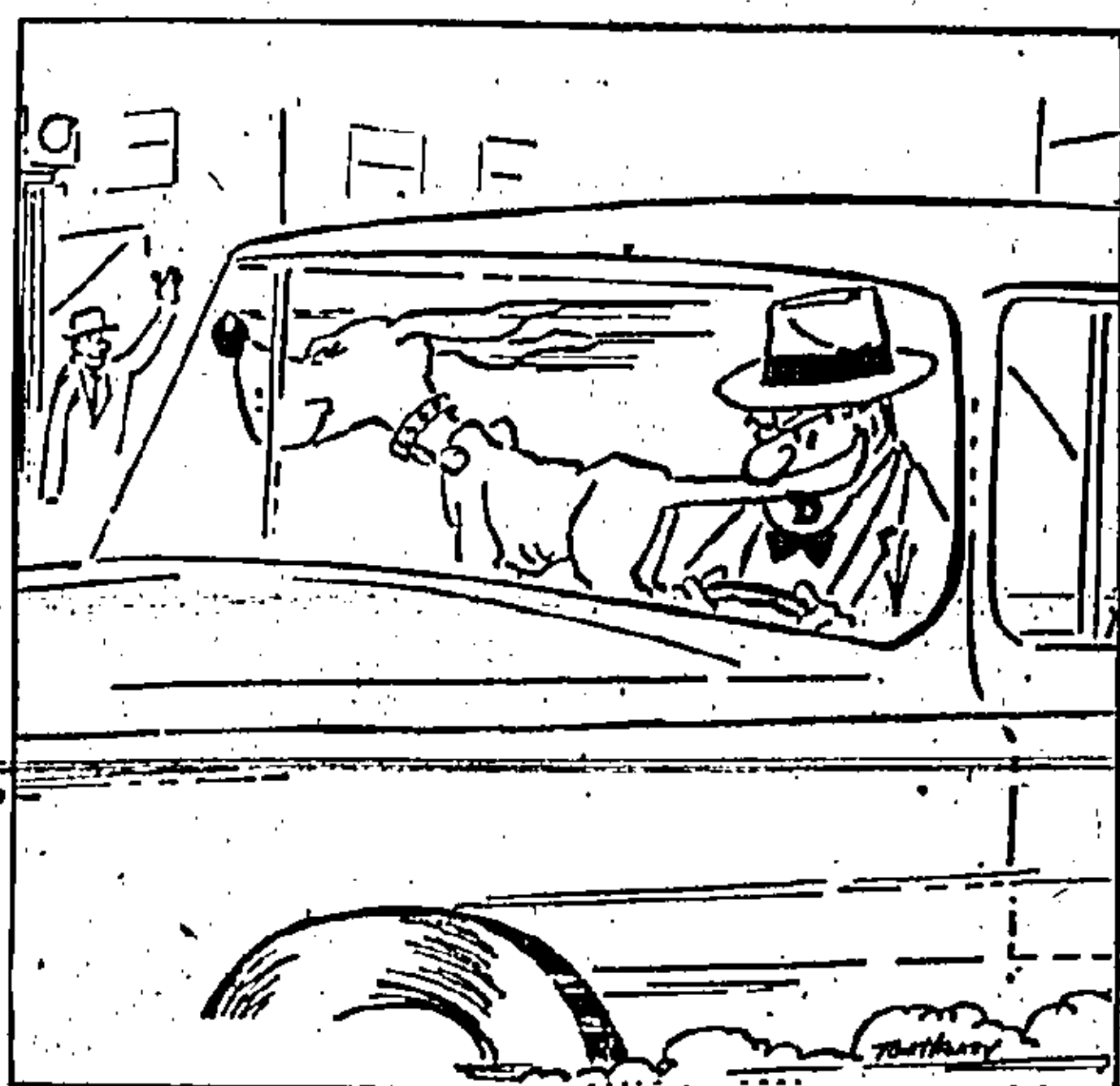
The turn to centre-right ended two years of government instability in which Christian Democrat Premier Adone Zoli and Amintore Fanfani balanced uneasily without a majority and vainly wooed the left wing socialists of Pietro Nenni.

Fanfani's centre-left cabinet of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats resigned on January 26 under attack from inside and outside, right, centre and left.—U.P.I.

Cricket Off

The cricket match which was to have been played between the Combined Schools and the Green Howards at Stanley tomorrow, has been cancelled owing to weather conditions.

This Funny World



"I don't suppose you could sit down once in a while... half the people in this town think I wear a moustache!"

1 Dead, 2 Hurt In Riots

Zomba, Nyasaland, Feb. 27.

Military forces opened fire on a violently rioting mob in the Blantyre area today, killing one African and injuring two others.

The latest outbreak of violence in this seething section of Africa occurred at Chigarus court, between Blantyre and Ntcheu, where two African National Congress officials are on trial.

A patrol of the King's African Rifles came across a crowd of 200 demonstrating just outside the court.

The mob quickly grew in size, as more people arrived carrying sticks and iron bars.

Chanted

The troops ordered the crowd to disperse. Their warnings were ignored, and the crowd chanted for the release of the two men being tried.

Then the troops used tear gas against the rioters. The violence continued, and the order was given to shoot.

Only four rounds were fired, however, and three found targets.

In Blantyre, the commercial capital of Nyasaland, white settler volunteers accompanied police on street patrols tonight.

They were armed for the first time with .303 rifles.—U.P.I.

Operation For Boxer

London, Feb. 27.
Terry Downes, British Middleweight boxing champion, is to have an operation for the removal of scar tissue over his left eye and will be out of the ring for three months.

Downes suffered a bad cut over the eye in his fight against Frenchman Michel Muir at Wembley on Tuesday.—China Mail Special.



HARRY ODELL SAYS

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Open until 9 p.m.
To-day and To-morrow

TELEVISION

1 p.m. Highway Patrol: 2.25, Eddie Cantor Show: 3.00, Cantonese Feature: "The Iron Monkey" Part 11, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 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